THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1882. NUMBER 25.

He Loves, but He Censures.

In bangs I never can delight,
My gentle Phylis dear;
Why will you hide from mortal sight
That forehead white and clear?

I do detest that halo hat,
Whose wide, umbrageous brim
Encircles like a pancake flat,
And hides your face from him.

Of jargon, prattle, small talk, slang,
These things do sadly mar—
But spite of these, big hat and bang,
I'll take you as you are.

Our One Life.

'Tis not for a man to trifle, life is brief,
And sin is here—
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of those things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale,
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth;
Friends and companions, even from our birth.

Oh, life below how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh!
Oh, life above, how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy!
Oh, to be done with daily dying here!
Oh, to begin the living in you sphere!

Oh, day of time, how dark! Oh, sky and earth
How dull your hue!
Oh, day of Christ, how bright! Oh, sky and earth
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green!
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

—*Bonar.*

MY LUCKY HIT.

I like change; I delight in the unknown and unexpected, in contrasts and adventures. I had been "out" several seasons, and knew by heart the deadly, lively routine of a winter in the city. Therefore I was spending the winter in the mountains of Maryland with Margaret Hastings.

Margaret had been a "belle, a beauty and an heiress," a wife and a mother. She was now only the last. Her handsome husband had carried her away from her past, worn out her beauty, spent her fortune, and died in time to save his memory, at least. She shut herself away from the world to mourn for him in singleness of heart, and give her time to his children.

It was something of a surprise when she wrote to me, once her intimate, and begged me to come to her for the next four months. She had quietly and steadily refused all advances for so long that we had grown indifferent to her movements, and seldom spoke of her, except to pity her changed fortunes and her infatuation. When the letter came I forgot her rejection of intended kindnesses in the quite selfish idea of something new. It was not until I saw her, pale and sweet and sad, that I felt for her any of the old-time love, and realized there might be more in my life with her than the mere escape from tiresome sameness or the rapidly waning pleasures of novelty.

She lived in a small house on the mountain side—a curious, rambling, one-storied structure, with an attic, in which we slept, and old little pockets between the downstairs rooms, where they jutted out or lapped over each other.

She "kept her carriage"—a light rockaway—and a steady horse; and her servants, one old woman, a half-grown girl and a young man.

Everything around her was neat, but plain in the extreme. Society there was none. The few farmhouses scattered here and there along the valley were only shelters for their hard-working, poorly repaid owners. No one had time for mere courtesies or means for other than pure hospitality—food and warmth for those who absolutely needed them.

She was the "great lady" of the country, and went to and fro in a sort of stately exclusiveness, which enabled her to devote every moment to her little ones—a boy and a girl. I did not wonder she had at last grown restive, and reached out a longing hand for some kindred touch.

We had a very pleasant time together. It was so delicious to do just as one pleased, and take up only such interests as one chose. I read a good deal, and walked, and drove and, above all, talked.

There was so much to tell of my world, once Margaret's as well. And there were some things to hear in the quiet hours when the depths of our natures were reached. I began to believe, after all, that "love is enough," for Margaret had had that, and minded nothing else. She had not been at all deceived as to her husband's real self, and did not attempt to deceive me.

They had simply loved each other, each with the best that was in them; and if his best had been poor enough, it was his, and she asked no more.

One night we had an adventure that suggested the charms of a more civilized state of society, as well as its drawbacks. The children were in bed, the servants upstairs with them—the man went to his own home at night—and we were reading in the east room.

The silence was profound. The very fire was noiseless. Suddenly we raised our heads with one impulse and gazed steadily into each other's eyes.

"What is that?" whispered Margaret, after a moment that seemed an age.

"Some one at the long room window," I answered, almost breathlessly.

The long room ran off at right angles from the east room; the dining-room branched off from the long room, parallel with the east room.

Between them was a covered porch. Each had three or four windows and two or three doors. There was not a shutter to the first nor a bolt to the last. And we were a houseful of women unarmed and unprotected.

The noise continued. There was no doubt of its meaning. Some one was trying the windows of the long room, steadily, carefully, persistently.

To reach the stairs and join the rest of the household we must either pass through the long room, all uncurtained and open to inspection from three sides, or cross the porch to the dining-room, thus going out into the black night where we knew not what danger lurked unseen, but fearfully near.

We sat in terror too deep for words, and then, as with one thought rose, slipped quietly through the door on to the porch, sped across it, and threw ourselves breathlessly into the dining-room.

"Oh, Fan!" gasped Margaret, "were you ever so glad in all your life before?"

"Never!" I answered. "I thought I would never reach that door! Oh, what can we do."

"Let us ask Betty."

In the same noiseless manner we crept upstairs and roused Betty in her attic. She was an enormous, dingy old creature, who looked able to protect herself and a score of women younger, fairer and less ponderous. But she was as great a coward as either of us, and less cautious.

The young girl awoke calmly, and instantly got out of bed, and commenced dressing herself with all speed, and no words.

"What are you going to do, Kitty?" asked her mistress.

"I'm a-goin' to see of there is a man about," she answered, quietly leaving the room.

I followed her, and together, holding each other tight by the hand, we crept down the stairs again, and softly opened the door of the long room on the tiny entry. The four gray spaces in the blackness clearly defined the window, and at first we could see nothing else. But there was the noise and Kitty's fingers trembled. Presently we saw. A man was bending forward at the end window, with a regular slow movement, that explained the sound perfectly. He was turning the handle of some boring instrument just under the catch.

We fled precipitately.

"He's ther," announced Kitty, "an' he's a-comin' in."

Betty groaned. It was curious, but the knowledge that no one could hear a cry had the effect of suppressing them. Under any other circumstances, where there was the faintest shadow of a hope that it would have brought us help, I am sure each and all of us would have screamed lustily. But we knew our danger and its hopelessness. We were awed from the first.

The mountains had been gaining an evil reputation for some time as the resort of the border ruffians of the war.

Margaret's mode of life, in its difference from their own, had long passed for the outcome of enormous wealth in the eyes of the valley people, and her fame had spread across the ridge.

Kitty put it into words in her usual terse manner:

"This comes of yer big silver teapot, Mis' Hastings."

"Oh, Kitty, hush! And it is only plate. Oh, I wish I could throw it out of the window to him."

"If we only had a horn," I moaned, "or a pistol."

"There's the dinner-horn," cried Kitty.

"Can you fire a pistol, Fan?" cried Margaret.

"I can do anything," I answered frantically. "Anything but stand here and wait for that wretch. Kitty where is the horn?"

"Out to the barn."

"Oh, you little goose!"

"And the pistol is downstairs in Bertie's tool-chest on the porch," sighed Margaret.

"There is one, then? Oh, on the porch!"

I think the few seconds that followed were the longest, the most terrible, the most heroic of my life. I have always felt proud of myself when I recall the sinking of my heart, and the wonderful victory over my natural and excusable cowardice that brief struggle brought about.

"I will go and get it," I said, very quietly. "Tell me exactly where it is."

"Oh, I cannot! You will have to take a candle!"

Could anything be worse? Go out into the night with my very life in my hand, and a light to show where I was! But I was wrought up to it.

"Very well, give me the candle. Kitty, come down and stand ready to lock the door, if any one comes."

Margaret began to cry and Betty to moan, but neither of them uttered a word.

Kitty and I again crept down the stairs. I had an unlighted candle and some matches, which really was an afterthought full of relief, since it allowed me to slip unperceived through the dining-room door, and to reach the chest under the welcome cover of darkness.

The night was profoundly dark and still. I remember distinctly the deeper shadow of the mountain against the gloomy sky just over my head as I paused for one brief second to draw breath and steady my hand. Then I knelt down, raised the lid of the chest, struck a match, and looked in before applying it to the candle.

The pistol was ready to my hand, and I recollected that only the day before Bertie had found it somewhere upstairs and carried it down in high glee.

I seized it and rushed in to Kitty's welcome presence. Margaret had joined her, and had come to her senses.

"It is not loaded, Fan," she said softly, "but I have the cartridges here. He is still at work. Light the candle and slip them in, and then we can fire from the long room door."

"Do you mean me to shoot the man?" I gasped.

"No, only to fire at him. You'll never hit him, but I wish I could!"

I followed her advice. I was not an adept, but I knew enough to load a modern breechloader. Then we put out the candle, softly opened the door into the entry and the opposite door into the long room.

Margaret and Kitty stood close to me, but at my back; the man was just raising the window.

The next instant the thunder of heaven seemed ringing in my ears mingled with the crash of broken glass and a wild, terrible cry, half-oath, half prayer, followed by a dull, sickening thud.

A very demon of rage took possession of me. All fear was gone.

I dashed across the room, and, one after another, in frenzied succession, fired the remaining barrels of the revolver out into the night through the shattered window. Then I turned and fled upstairs after Margaret and Kitty, who were leaning as far as possible from the attic-window, and screaming for help at the top of their lungs.

It was nearer than we hoped. When Kitty paused to take breath before a fresh outburst, there were audible through the thinner piping of Margaret's cries a violent rattling and rapping on the door below us.

Kitty only added greater volume to her shouts; but, nevertheless, I heard distinctly a clear and full haloo that brought comfort to my heart.

"Oh, do hush?" I screamed, shaking them vigorously. "There's a man downstairs. Listen!"

"Who's there?" piped Margaret, musically, for all the quaver in her tones.

"What is the matter, ladies?" answered a gentleman's voice. "What has happened?"

"Oh, for the love of heaven!" burst forth Betty; "we're all murdered in our beds?"

"Is there anything wrong?" impatiently reiterated the voice.

"Yes, there is," I called in my turn. "Who are you, and I will come down?"

"I am Professor Jouvain."

"From Ralston!" exclaimed Margaret. "I thought I knew the voice. Oh, thank God!"

She sank crying on the floor by the children's cot, and I hurried away. By the time I opened the east room door, where the lamp was still bright and the fire glowing as when we sat down to our books and a quiet evening, the professor had been joined by some of the neighbors.

The ringing shots had echoed far and with terrible meaning through the quiet valley. There was the rapid beat of running footsteps, coming nearer and nearer, to right and left, as we stood facing each other.

The professor was tall, dark and handsome. I saw at a glance, as he stepped into the circle of light, that he was another sort from any I had seen of late—or ever.

He was wonderfully cool and calm—the quietude of strength and gentleness. Involuntarily I bent toward him, relieved, soothed, thankful, at rest. He drew my hand through his arm, and led me at once to the large, low couch near the fire.

"Sit down, and tell us all about it," he said, smiling pleasantly. "You are chilled from excitement. What has frightened you? Who fired those shots?"

"I did. Oh, I shot a man! Do you think he can be dead?"

"Dead!" cried one of the farmers, with a jolly laugh. "My lawd, miss, I'll bet he ain't dead, ef you p'inted it at him."

I heard them all laugh; I saw the professor's grave smile; but I did not mind it. There was more behind than they knew. The cry and the fall came back to me with terrible meaning.

"Oh, but he was hurt! It was the first shot. Oh, somebody, please, go! He was at the window of the long room, on the other porch."

"This way!" cried Kitty, opening the door into the long room and taking up the lamp.

They all followed her except the professor; I candidly own I held him and would not let him go.

"Oh, don't leave me!" I am so frightened. It was so terrible!"

"But it is all over now," he said, gently. "You must not lose your self-control when you have been so brave. I must go now. They are calling me. Don't move! I will come back and tell you what it means."

There was no need for him to come back. I heard plainly what they said to him, although their voices were curiously subdued and muffled.

"She's right, professor. She hit him. He's a goner!" said one.

"Laid him out like a log!" exclaimed another.

"It's Sam Prout," said a third.

And then it suddenly rushed upon me in its full meaning the thing I had done, and they were putting it into words, uncouth but freighted with eternal woe to a lost soul.

A sense of fear and horror I had never conceived came upon me, a wild despair that crushed me, and from which I suddenly slipped away into a vast blank.

When I saw Margaret's pale face close to mine, and felt some one's hands moving across my forehead, and some one's strong grasp on my hands, I knew that I had fainted for the first time in my life, and I knew why.

"Oh, Margaret!" I cried, faintly.

But it was the professor who answered me, bending over me, and cheering me with his voice and eyes.

"The man is all right, Miss Fannie. You did hit him, but he was only stunned."

"Then I am safe?"

"You are, certainly. And quite a heroine. As soon as you are able, if you wish, you shall see your prize, although he is not beautiful to look upon."

Margaret kissed and petted me for a few minutes longer, and the professor held my hands and chafed them mechanically. I was myself again, and a very merry, light-hearted self I felt after that terrible burden of blood and death.

I looked up at the professor and laughed. He loosed my hands suddenly, and stood up very straight.

"Will you come now and see Sam Prout in the flesh?" he said, with an effort to appear unembarrassed.

We went. The farmers were keeping guard over poor Sam in the dining-room, while awaiting the constable's arrival.

He was sitting in a great chair, leaning his head against the chimney-piece, a very much used-up man. There was a good deal of blood about him, and his head was bound up pretty tidily, if not scientifically. He looked pale and dazed and wretched, and I felt quite ashamed of myself for the ruin I had wrought.

What creatures of the moment most women are, to be sure!

We only peeped in at the door for a few seconds, and then went back to the east room. Of course we were too excited to think of rest. The professor had been thrown too close to our inner lives to seem strange, and we sat over the fire chatting as cozily as friends of years. He told us how he came to be on hand, riding home from a lecture in a neighboring town in order to complete some work at the college early the next day (and which, by-the-bye, he seemed to have forgotten), and we told him every incident and throb of feeling during our experience.

We saw Sam Prout off in state, and then went to bed.

The professor and a young farmer from the adjoining place volunteered to remain until morning, and were made comfortable before the fire in the east room.

Left to himself, the professor remembered his task, and did set off at daybreak, leaving his adieus for us with Kitty. But he came back that afternoon, and Margaret invited him to stay to tea, because he had missed his breakfast. He did not refuse the invitation.

That was the beginning of a gay season. We were the belles of the county, and had admiring and awe-struck visitors from all quarters.

How many times we went through the recital of our night of terror, I dread to think. Every nail-hole and paint-scratch about that window remains photographed upon my mental vision.

Then there came the trial of Sam Prout, and we had a court scene, in which the professor and I seemed to figure largely, to the great delight of the public and his serene enjoyment. I was very broadly complimented for my bravery and prompt action, and Sam was sentenced and sent off to jail.

"Now, Fan," said my father, who had come down to see me through the ordeal, "I intend to take you home with me, my fair lady! I am inclined to think Sam was not the only victim of your night's shooting, and the other may prove fatal. If it does, you will be best out of the way."

"What do you mean?" I asked, somewhat faintly.

"You know very well what I mean. You are inclined to be soft-hearted toward the sufferer, and I am not. You shall not marry Professor Jouvain, if I can help it."

"Well, you can't," I said, coolly.

My father and I were "cronies" always, and said what we pleased to each other.

He looked at me intently, got up, adjusted his glasses and then turned me round for inspection.

"I think you mean it," he said, slowly. "And I had such a splendid chance for you in New York!"

"I have had two or three myself," I replied. "But they were nothing to the professor. He is a man after my heart."

I saw my father's face redden with mingled embarrassment, irritation and amusement, and I turned hastily.

The professor stood just behind us and had heard every word.

I covered my face with my hands in shame and confusion.

"Mr. Crawford," began the professor, instantly and coolly, "it will not surprise you if I enter upon this subject, since your daughter has broached it?"

"No, sir; not at all. Nothing surprises me now!" said my father, as coolly.

I felt an arm, strong but infinitely tender, take me into its kindly shelter.

"Your daughter's expression of her feelings naturally prepares you for the acknowledgment of mine," continued the professor.

"Naturally," interjected my father.

"She is the one woman of the world to me"—here the arm trembled a little, but held me close. "If you will give her to me, I shall devote myself to making her happy."

"I think you have made a very fair beginning toward a successful ending," said my father, grimly. "Possession being nine points of the law, I need make no merit of gracefully ceding the tenth. At all events, she is evidently yours."

And my father walked away, carefully closing the door behind him.

Of course, there could be but one ending to my story. I have been the professor's wife these five years, and I am more than ever convinced that "love is enough."

But I have never owned before that the professor, like Sam Prout, was brought down unexpectedly. When I fired that candid confession at my father half in jest, half in earnest protest against his objections to the professor—I had no idea it would strike home. Until that moment the professor had never spoken to me of his feeling for me, and I was not at all sure of it.

How can a girl be sure of such a thing until she is told? And what would have become of me had he met the acknowledgment in any other way?

But he did not. It was all right, as it turned out, and I don't care in the least when he laughs at my "lucky hit."

Our Manufacturing Cities.

The statistics of manufactures, as returned for the tenth census, show New York to be the greatest manufacturing city in the Union. Philadelphia, which has hitherto enjoyed that pre-eminence, is now relegated to the second place, though its capital invested in manufactures, $170,000,000, is $6,000,000 more than is credited to New York city. In number of establishments New York has 11,162 and Philadelphia 8,877. The amount paid in wages during the census year was: New York, $93,370,000; Philadelphia, $60 000,000. The value of the materials used in the industries was: New York, $275,000,000, and Philadelphia, $187,000,000. The value of the products was: New York, $448,000,000; Philadelphia, $304,591,000.

The largest single item of manufacture in New York is that of men's clothing, the product of which for 1880 is valued at $60,798,000. The wages paid in their manufacture were $40,200,000. The value of the product in the manufacture of women's clothing for the same period is $18,930,000. Viewing only the value of the product, meat packing is the second largest industry in New York city, its product for 1880 being $29,297,000. "Printing and publishing" shows a product of $21,696,000. The cigar product is $18,347,000. That of refined lard is $14,758,000, and sugars and molasses, refined, $11,330,000.

In Philadelphia the largest single product of manufacture in value is sugar and molasses refined—$24,294,920. The industry having the largest capital invested is that of woolen goods, with a capital of $11,752,990, and whose product in 1880 was $21,350,000. The value of the product in the manufacture of men's clothing is $18 500,000; that of cotton goods, $16,350,000; carpets, $14,263,000; drugs and chemicals, $11,804,000; machinery, $9,684,900; boots and shoes, $9,634,000; worsted goods, $8,327,000; hosiery and knit goods, $7,683,000; printing and publishing, $6 834,000; leather, dressed skins, $6,741,000.

The third manufacturing city is Chicago, with 3,479 establishments, having a capital of $64 000,000, paying $33,000,000 in one year in wages, and whose product in 1880 was $241,000,000. The leading manufacturing industry is meat packing, whose product in the census year was $85,000,000. Brooklyn is the fourth city, with 5,089 establishments, paying $27,000,000 year's wages, and the value of whose products is $169,000,000. The leading article is sugar and molasses, refined, the product of which in 1880 was $59,711,000. Boston ranks fifth on the basis of the value of the manufactured product being $123,000,000; men's clothing and sugar and molasses, refined, being each $16,000,000. The sixth city is St. Louis, with a product of $104,000,000, of which $13,759,000 is flouring and grist mill products. Cincinnati is the seventh manufacturing city, its product in 1880 being $94,000,000. The manufacture of men's clothing brought $13,873,000 of this and meat packing $11,614,000. Baltimore comes number eight, with a product of $75,000,000, the largest item of which is men's clothing, $9,446,000.

Pittsburg is the ninth in rank of manufacturing cities in the value of its product, which in 1880 was $74,000,000. It has $50,000,000 of capital invested in manufactories, which exceeds that of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and Baltimore, and makes Pittsburg in that respect the fifth manufacturing city of the Union, those ranking it being in order Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Brooklyn. The number of Pittsburg establishments is 1,071; the men employed are 31,551; the wages paid in 1880 were $16,918,426, and the value of the materials used was $41,201,000. The largest item of manufacture is iron and steel, the products of which are $35,490,000. The next is glass, with a product of $5,000,000. After Pittsburg the cities rank in the order of the value of their manufacturing products as follows: Newark, tenth; Jersey City eleventh; Cleveland, twelfth; Buffalo, thirteenth; Providence, fourteenth; Milwaukee, fifteenth; Louisville, sixteenth; New Orleans, seventeenth, and Washington City, eighteenth.

Still Here.

First boy—"Are you going off to be a pirate this summer?"

Second boy—"I dunno."

"I knew you wouldn't. You hain't got any grit."

"I hain't, eh? I've got just as much as you have, but when a feller's mother is willing to buy him a goat and a pair of roller-skates and a fish line, what's the need of his turning pirate? You said you was going off to fight Injuns, but you hain't gone."

"I know I hain't. You don't expect me to go till I get big enough to sleep alone, do you?"

"Pooh!"

"Pooh!"

And they rub along the fence in opposite directions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The cranium in man is to the cranium in woman as 100 to 86.7.

Saplings of the Australian eucalypt grow to the height of fifty feet in ten years.

On starch, grape sugar and cane sugar gastric juice has no perceptible effect.

Ornithologists differ entirely on the question as to whether parrots require water.

The elder Pliny states that the number of stars visible to the naked eye in his time was 1600.

The locomotives on some Russian railroads are heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells.

Gases from the furnaces in iron districts are very injurious to trees in the neighborhood. The sulphuric acid contained in the gases is absorbed in the leaves.

The eggs of a gnat are placed side by side to form the figure of a boat, so that the gnat-boat, like the life-boat, has the property of righting itself when capsized.

An examination of dogs after the administration of arsenic showed Dr. E. Ludwig seventeen times as much of the poison in the liver as in the brain. He has concluded that in all cases the liver absorbs more of the poison than any other organ, from which it would appear that the liver is the best part to examine in cases of criminal poisoning.

The *Sanitary Engineer* regrets that the bill legalizing the sale of skimmed milk has passed the State senate. It has had occasion repeatedly to censure any measure of this kind. While admitting that commercial interests ought to be protected, it insists that when it is a question of permitting the sale of an unwholesome article of food the public health demands that such articles as skimmed milk should be emphatically condemned.

When the vessel La Provence, which sank in the Bosphorus, was being raised, the telephone was added to the diver's equipment. One of the glasses of the helmet was replaced by a copper plate in which a telephone was inserted so that the diver had only to turn his head slightly in order to receive his instructions and report what he had seen. The adoption of this means of communication in diving operations will, in case of danger or accident, tend to insure safety to lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed.

HEALTH HINTS.

Do not force children to eat at this time, and do not allow them, unless in the most sparing measure, pastry or sweetmeats to tempt their appetite or for any other reason when they seem unwilling to eat. Plain bread and butter, with plenty of oatmeal or cracked wheat mush, well-cooked vegetables and lean meat, and plenty of fresh fruit if accessible, particularly oranges, form a suitable diet for young or old.

There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are usually peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed early to have their sleep out than to sleep long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person to sleep until he wakes himself, and then give him such a variety and amount of outdoor exercise as shall make him glad when bedtime returns.

FIRES.—If the clothing of a person takes fire, wrap them about at once and completely with blankets to extinguish the flames. If caught in a burning house remember the best air to breathe is near the floor, and that a wet handkerchief placed over the mouth permits breathing and excludes smoke, thus avoiding suffocation.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

False Eyes.

Most people are under the impression that the artificial eye is in the form of a globe, and that to have it inserted it is necessary that the entire eyeball should be removed. But this is not the case. In very few instances is the eyeball completely destroyed, and to cut it out to make room for a false eye would be an operation equally dangerous as useless. The artificial eye is merely a thin shell of silica that can be inserted under the eyelids by the individual himself. It is held in position by the contraction of the lids, and is moved about by the optic muscles pretty much in the same manner as the natural eye. No disagreeable sensation is felt by the wearer, and, as far as appearance goes, it would be difficult to detect anything out of the common, to such a degree of perfection has the manufacture reached.

There is a great difficulty in matching eyes, as the contraction and dilation of the pupil when exposed to sunlight or on entering a room, causes the eye, of course, to assume a darker hue than it really has, owing to the difference in the density of the pupil. The only way in which this can be remedied is to have the artificial eye several shades darker in color than the natural eye, and this is invariably the practice.

The first thing a man, after getting an artificial eye does, is to ask every friend what they thought of it; whether it matched in color and size his other one, and so forth, and the friend, glad to have a chance of airing an opinion, after a slight examination declares the color wrong and probably the eye a misfit in every way. The purchaser then comes running back to the shop and storms and rages until he is assured that it is owing to a natural phenomenon that his eye assumed a slight change in size and color in the open air, and so on. A comical side of the picture is when the party who is anxious to remedy his defect comes attended by, say his family and a few others; these collect around him, and each perhaps selects a particular eye from the case and declares that it is just the thing. The argument waxes hot and heavy and the inevitable conclusion is that the unfortunate man is compelled to go away with an eye unsuitable in many respects, and which he is only too ready to come back and change a few days later.

While on the subject of eyes, it may be said there is scarcely anything more absurd than the practice, usually current of going to Europe for ophthalmic advice whenever it is required. American oculists have long since earned for themselves a world-wide reputation by their wonderful skill in treating this disease, and besides understand the peculiar phases which are the product of a different climate far better than their European compeers could possibly do.

The output of coal from the mines of Alabama has increased from 10,000 tons in 1872 to 400,000 tons in 1881.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Little French Romance.

A romantic incident occurred recently in Bougival, a few miles distant from Paris. One of the youngest and most fascinating of Parisian actresses, Mlle. L——, who lives in that neighborhood, was at 2 o'clock in the afternoon wending her way to a friend's house, when as she neared the bridge she was politely addressed by a gentleman who, faultlessly gloved, and with hat in hand, said: "Madamoiselle, I find myself most awkwardly placed. I have forgotten my purse, and for want of a halfpenny I shall be unable to cross the bridge unless you kindly come to my aid." Mlle. L—— immediately felt for her purse and at once handed to the "exquisite" the coin solicited when, before she had time to close it again, he dropped into the purse a tiny little packet and rushed off with all speed. On recovering from her surprise the young artist opened the said packet, which she found to contain a magnificent turquoise ring and a note, which, translated, runs thus: "Mademoiselle—For a long time I have been burning with a desire to possess something that has belonged to you. Will you forgive the device and accept in exchange this trifling pledge of the affections of yours, X?" The most amusing part of the story, however, is yet to be told. The gentleman in question, who is well known in the financial world, was seen at his club to have exchanged the handsome gold locket previously appended to his chain for a halfpenny mounted with a simple but exquisitely-chased gold rim.

Surah Dresses.

The twilled surahs with or without satin finish are in great favor for street suits, and these take the place of the summer taffeta silks so long used, and rival the popular foulards. Dark surahs are used for the street, such as navy blue, gray-blue, very dark garnet and cypress green. These are trimmed with embroidery on the material or with the ecru mull embroidery, or else with black lace frills either of French imitation thread lace or the silk Spanish lace. Navy blue silk surah skirts with two narrow plaitings around the foot and low apron drapery that has a frill of French black lace four inches deep are very stylish. Dark green satin surah with a Greek apron on which is laid like a border ecru Irish point embroidery on mull, with the scalloped edges upward, is very effective. The polka-dotted or leaf-figured Spanish lace that is all silk edges the plaitings of black silk surahs of light quality, while those that are heavier have embroidery in square designs only two or three inches wide as an edging for plaited frills. A French fancy is to tuck these frills half their depth, stitching each plait near the edge to form a lengthwise tuck, then letting it fall loosely below, and sewing on lace or embroidery. For instance, edge a short wrinkled apron of surah with a plaiting six inches deep, tucked by machine down its upper half, and finished below with two inches of embroidery. To complete the front of such a skirt have two narrow knife-plaitings of surah at the foot, and above this another plaiting so deep that its head is lost under the apron just described; this very wide plaiting is also tucked lengthwise half its depth, then simply pressed (or tacked on the wrong side), and edged with embroidery. The back drapery is then of two widths from the belt down to the lower ruffle, where it is tacked permanently, so that it cannot be displaced, and may be either widely faced on the wrong side, or else its edges are turned under and sewed to the lower skirt. Such dresses must be made up on a foundation skirt of silk, alpaca, silesia or other fabric less flimsy than surah, in order to make the skirt preserve its shape; and this is not to be objected to as a sham skirt, as it often costs as much or more than the thin fabric of the outside which it is meant to support; the best French dresses have this foundation skirt, and the best modistes here use it, taking care, however, to so arrange the drapery that the foundation cannot possibly be disclosed when worn.

The short round polka basque is much used for summer surah dresses. This reaches two inches below the waist line, is nearly straight around, is whaleboned to the lowest end of each seam (as all basques should be), and is finished on its edge with one or two full bias puffs, or else two thick box-plaitings of satin, and perhaps on this may fall a frill of Spanish lace that is very scant on the sides, and full like a fan in the middle of the front and back.

A stylish ruche that is not too full and fussy for trimming the foot of a silk skirt has first at the lower edge a gathered frill, either straight or bias, two inches and a half wide when finished. Then above this, with its lower edge falling upon it, is the ruche six inches deep when finished, either straight or bias, and gathered by three parallel rows in the middle. It is well to line this ruche with crinoline or stiff net, and to tack the top edges to the skirt to keep it from falling.—*Bazar.*

Fashion Notes.

Pillowshams are said to be the invention of American housewives.

On new silk hosiery appears embroidered butterflies in various colors.

Grenadine dresses are stylish when finished with bangle jet trimming.

Oriental lace is much used for trimming foulard silk, nun's veiling, albatross cloth and all the light woolen muslins in white and delicate colors.

Dainty hats for garden wear are in pale rose color and ciel blue, trimmed with a monture of plumes and tips of the exact shade, disposed to shadow the brim.

To fix bonnet strings, many elegant pins are devised; notably, two arrows tied with a ribbon, a small umbrella in pearls with diamond handle, running hounds, owls' heads, and sets of five sparrows strung on a silver thread. Besides these there are eggs represented by pearls in a nest.

The prettiest shoulder capes this season are cut quite plain across the back, fitting the shoulders perfectly, but in front they are laid in loose easy folds across the chest, fastened together about the sixth button from the throat with a bow and by long ends of watered silk ribbon.

Spanish lace is the most popular garniture for black diaphanous material; and jetted passementerie and jetted ornaments come into use, with Spanish lace as the objective trimming.

Sateen and French percale costumes have the skirt flounced from the foot to the waist, and without drapery; or the drapery is a short apron forming numerous wrinkles, or a demi-long bouffant arrangement on the back. Sateen and percale are sometimes made up in the round, Garibaldi waist, which is worn with a belt.

Handsome tea-gowns are of French cashmere and surah, the cashmere forming the gown substantially, and the surah appearing in a puffed Moliere shirt-front. A charming gown is made of French cashmere in Turkey red, with the puffed front of rose-pink surah. The puffs slightly overlap ruffles of Oriental lace, and lace finishes the neck and trims the sleeves.

Simple and attractive flannel costumes have the skirt tucked the entire depth, and bordered at the foot with narrow plaiting, without extraneous drapery. A casaquin jacket, made as severely simple as possible, accompanies the tucked skirt. Another style is to tuck the full back breadths, from the foot to the belt, and to tuck the front two-thirds its depth, and then to dress it with a short apron laid in several wide, straight, upward folds.

Russian Character.

"Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Vevsky, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all." The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a terrible story. How a young widow, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common jail, and kept there for a week amid disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulations, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented, years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed communication with any of her friends, and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any one who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told his story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished an Englishman present exclaimed in indignation: "What a barbarous country it must be where such tyranny is tolerated for a day." But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system." And so the Muscovite wo ld goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Le' their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstances. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervor. The Orthodox church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but the Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditional formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars, and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the patient, miserable man is happy.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

How She Loved Him.

"Myrtle, dear?"

"Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing shyly upward.

The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, bathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurtry and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle. On the edge of the broad domesne that stretched away to the south, stood a large brindle cow, and as the moonlight flecked with silvery luster her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl. "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that flit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghostlike fashion. The dell is indeed clothed in loveliness to-night, sweetheart."

"Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss dell"—and then looking down into the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, third-base palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's polonaise. As they stood there silently in the bosky glade George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

The noble girl did not shy.

"Do you love me, sweetheart?" he asked in accents that were tremulous with tremulousness.

Myrtle's head was drooping now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks.

George drew her more closely to him. If a mosquito had tried to pass between them then it would have been bad—for the mosquito.

"Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate, whoa-Emma love that can never die. Do you not love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whisking of the brindle cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the bullfrog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and with a wistful baby's-got-the-cramp look in her sweet face, she said to him: "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will eventually keep you broke." And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumpled bang and fearlessly led the way to an ice cream lair.—*Chicago Tribune.*

President Arthur's Letters.

President Arthur, it is stated, receives 600 letters every day. Allowing him to give each letter one minute's time, ten presidential hours of the twenty-four are accounted for. A famous Englishman of a century ago, who suffered from the same kind of inundation, used pleasantly to say that one-third of the letters he received were answered, that another third answered themselves, and that the other third got no answers of any kind. It is to be supposed that the President follows the precedent of the Englishman, who borrowed his practice from a royal philosopher of the classic times.

A BOY'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

Murdering Two Men—The Youthful Murderer Lynched.

The murder of two men in Minnesota by John Tribbetts, a boy only fifteen years old, revealed a terrible case of youthful depravity. The boy was captured and taken to jail after making a full confession. About 1 o'clock in the morning about twenty resolute men broke through the surrounding crowd and began to batter in the outside door of the jail. It offered little resistance, and they were soon inside. About this time a wagon drove up, and the impression spread that the boy would be taken into the woods around the town and hung. The lynchers found hard work in breaking open the door of Tribbetts' cell; the sounds of the blows upon it could be heard at a great distance. The crowd kept coming closer and closer, but were warned back in menacing tones by the lynchers. As the door yielded to the blows and the victim was at their mercy they took hold of him roughly, when he exclaimed, "Don't boys, this is too rough!" "You will think it is rough," was the answer.

He was taken out and the crowd expected to see him put in the wagon, but the latter was only a blind, and drove off without him. The lynchers carried him to the railroad track a few rods away and began preparations to finish their terrible work. A ladder had been provided and was braced up against a telegraph pole, a rope was then thrown over one of the rounds, placed around the neck of the murderer, and in a few minutes all was over. No one but the lynchers was allowed to come near the scene of the hanging. All others were warned to keep away and the warning was enforced by the showing of revolvers.

The history of the life and crime of John Tribbetts

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 22. 1882

Hon. J. K. Morehead, of Pittsburg, the father of the republican party, has gone over to the independents. This still makes Moreheadway for the anti-boss crowd.

The senate has a proposition before it to allow each senator a clerk at a salary of $12 per year. Soon this salary will run up to $1500, then to $2000, next to $2500, then an assistant clerk for the clerk, at, beginning with $1200 salary. So we go, and the rads are in power.

Ex-Congressman De La Matyr is lecturing on temperance in Iowa towns. He is described as "wearing a faded butternut suit of clothes and carrying a much-traveled grubsack." To a reporter he said, "The Greenback idea is as strong as ever. We would suppose so, in the sense that a little skunk is strong and can make a whole camp-meeting turn up noses in disgust.

On Wednesday, 21, the Cameron convention re-convenes to nominate a congressman-at-large. The body has had a griping of the bowels ever since Marshall's declination, and no syrup has yet been Dondup to still the pain.

The independents held a monster ratification meeting in Pittsburg, Wednesday of last week, over which Ex-congressman Morehead, the father of the republican party, presided. "Glorious old Tom" was in the meeting too—old Tom whom Beaver clapped on the shoulder when the Cameron convention nominated him for congressman-at-large, saying "Marshall this is an act of God"—but "glorious old Tom" couldn't see it, and didn't stick. Stewart, the independent nominee for governor, was the principal speaker, and in his speech took coats, pants, vest, &c., off of Beave.. The enthusiasm and large attendance, has driven another thorn into the stalwart carcass.

Manheim township, York county, has a calf with only one eye and no tail, says an exchange. That's the fix of the Beaver party just now.

The *World* gets a little savcy on Pennsylvania's little villain, Johnny Cessna. It says: "That veteran politician of Pennsylvania, Mr. John Cessna," is alarmed at the prospect in his State this fall and proposes as his panacea that Cameron's Jerry Cruncher Convention, when it meets next week, should advise Governor Hoyt to reconvene the Legislature and gerrymander the State, the reason for this action being found "in the state of quasi-revolution in which we find ourselves." Then let both Republican tickets be withdrawn and another convention be held in August, whereat "let those who Stewart nominate Stewart if they can". Bless the dear old lunatic's honest heart and stupid head, doesn't he understand what the revolt against Cameron means yet? The Independents are perfectly willing to see the State go Democratic if there is no other way of destroying the regnant dynasty, and as for as going into another convention with Cameron, *pas si bete!* The most amusing idea, however, is that of summoning the Legislature because the commonwealth is in "a state of quasi-revolution." We are not aware that things over the Pensylvania line were as bad as all that, but if what Mr. Cessna says is true, Governor Hoyt had better lose no time in applying, under the Constitution, to President Arthur for troops and a proclamation bidding the Independents disband and quit the field within three days. "Disperse ye rebels; disperse!"

Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, has turned against Arthur and is in full sympathy with Mitchell and the Pennsylvania independents. The senate bids fair to turn against the stalwarts, and the republican party seems to be going to pieces.

Considerable disgust is shown and several complaints are made both by the judge and jury against the prosecution in the star route cases, because they have spent two weeks and are entertaining five hundred witnesses at the expense of fifteen thousand dollars per day to prove a conspiracy, and as yet have only produced details of routine form of the post office department that was pointed out in evidence three years ago before a congressional committee.

Our righteous republican rulers at Washington are doing their best to do nothing with the star route rascals, with which there has simply been fooling for a year because the thieves stood high in the republican ranks.

☞ The barbers have at last secured a legal decision upon the subject of Sunday shaving. Judge Bechtel, of Pottsville, has decided recently that, such shaving was neither work of necessity or charity, and therefore a violation of the act of 1874.

Gen. Beaver has been traveling for the last two weeks, and has not converted a single independent.

"Glorious old Tom" has come out in a scathing letter denying the right of Cooper to call a re-assembling of the boss convention.

It is said Gen. Beaver draws $2000 pension per year.

Mr J. W. Cassanova, one of the Centre county delegates to the democratic state convention, is for Trunkey for governor. Right.

The republican congressional committee has assessed the female clerks in the departments, the day laborers and apprentices for campaign funds, and yet the platform has a plank in favor of civil service reform.

Some Berks county farmers have planted corn the third time this season. Well, we can't beat old Berks in that, up here in Centre.

All the American vessels of the European squadron in the Mediterranean are under orders to proceed to Alexandria to look after American interests.

Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting, so often connected with overworked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

In New York, a few days ago, early in the morning, two pugilists pounded each other, for $500 a side, until both were too weak to stand—each one getting a terrible pounding. When will men cease to make worse than brutes of themselves?

Doctor bills are abominable and not needed in kidney and liver affections, as Peruna and Manalin cure them.

Gen. Beaver has met with unenthusiastic receptions so far, in his travels. Brass medals dont appear to draw crowds nor raise a hurrah.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it simply essence of ginger, when in fact it is made of many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ. See other column.

All the Europeans have left Cairo,

HOW BEAVER VIOLATED HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

It has lately been denied that General Beaver violated his instructions when he voted for Grant at Chicago for a third term. In order to get at the truth we have gone over the files of the REPORTER and find in our issue of March 4, 1880, the following was clipped from the Lock Haven *Republican*, the leading republican paper of this district, and hence good authority to establish the truthfulness of the charge.

From the Lock Haven Republican.

"The delegates from this congressional district to the Harrisburg convention met in caucus on the evening of the 3d of February, '80, at which a resolution was offered, declaring it to be the sense of the caucus that the Republicans of the district are largely in favor of the nomination of Hon. Jas. G. Blaine for President. After the *passage* of the resolution the question as to whether any or all of the gentlemen who were asked to go to Chicago would support Blaine, *regardless of the instructions the convention might pass* was fully discussed. Mr. L. Brosius, one of the delegates chosen, and who was there, agreed to abide by the instructions contained in the resolution of the caucus. Gen. Beaver was not here, but was represented by a delegate from Centre, who voted for the resolution of the caucus, and claimed that Gen. Beaver *had authorized him to say that he (Beaver) would faithfully represent the wishes of the Republicans of the district.* With these assurances he was elected."

This will settle the matter, and we leave it for republicans to reflect over whether Gen. Beaver violated his instructions and misrepresented the sentiment of the republicans of his county who also passed Blaine resolutions, and of this congressional district as expressed in the following resolution passed by the republican congressional conference at Lock Haven, which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we the delegates from the 20th Congressional District of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Mifflin and Union, do hereby express as the conviction of the people of the counties which we represent, that James G. Blaine is the most competent and trustworthy candidate now before the people for the nomination of President of the United States, and we do hereby heartily recommend the delegates elected from our district to the National Convention at Chicago *to use every honorable means to secure his nomination* by that body."

Now then, Gen. Beaver, or any one for him has the floor to explain why he voted 36 for Grant and not once times for Blaine.

KICK AND LAUGH

Laugh and Kick, Kick and Laugh, this is the exhibition on the republican stage just now.

When Cameron's convention passed the civil service resolutions, all the boss delegates voted yea, and laughed. When the convention nominated its ticket the independents kicked.

When civil service is to be applied to Pennsylvania appointments, Cameron kicks at his own platform, and the independents laugh.

How can a Cameron organ or orator complain because an independent kicks against the nominations when Don himself kicks at the most important resolution in the platform?

Its kick and laugh now, and he will laugh best who laughs last and makes the last kick.

INDICT THEM.

The *Herald*, independent, says: The juvenile pages around the Capitol at Washington were called on recently to contribute out of their slender earnings toward the republican campaign fund. If a great party in any country or in any age ever picked pence before from the pockets of children for political purposes, history has failed to record it. It seems, however, that the machine managers of the party are determined this year to levy a political blackmail upon every one who holds a position under it. A circular has just been sent to every employe of the Boston Navy Yard—seven hundred in number—in which the secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee says:—"Under the circumstances in which the country finds itself placed the committee believes that you will esteem it both a privilege and a favor to make to its funds a contribution which, it is hoped, may not be less than —— dollars." The day laborer who receives the document from which the preceeding is an extract has the sum of eleven dollars set opposite his name, and in case of others the scale rises in ratio of their wages or salaries. There is a federal law prohibiting political assessments under severe panalties, and our courts have recently convicted a person charged with its violation. Cannot Boston follow up the good work. It is true that in the circular in question an attempt is make to evade the law. The letter is observed, the spirit is broken. There may be no way of punishing the secretary of the Congressional Campaign Committee, but even "a failure of justice" after an effort to enforce it would be indirectly and in the end a substantial victory.

SMOKING ON SUNDAY.

Is smoking a pass-time, a recreation, a burning of the weed for the pleasure of plying the smoke in curles through the air to be enjoyed as one enjoys a horse-race, or a pleasure drive? If smoking be any of these, then we hold it to be as morally and legally wrong to smoke on Sunday as to do any of the latter things on the Sabbath. Now this idea is new and not at all puritanical, and can be as successfully fought out on this line as to make out that a pleasure drive or a game of checkers for pass-time or pleasure on the Sabbath is a violation of the commandment, that, Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Segars and tobacco are openly sold on the Sabbath, yet it is a traffic as much as would be the sale of a peck of potatoes, a beef-steak or a glass of beer. Two thirds of the ministers of the gospel are smokers—smokers on the Sabbath—now we should like to see the question brought up and discussed in their conferences and synods—have them make out what smoking is, if for pleasure and recreation, and the simple fun of puffing up clouds of smoke, whether that would be lawful on the Sabbauh day according to the code given to Moses on the tablets of stone.

If it is not a sin to puff a Havanna on Sunday, can it then be demonstrated that it is sinful to catch a trout or pick a basket of berries on Sunday, in all of which there is more genuine pleasure and recreation than making a smoke-stack out of your mouth to the injury of your health?

This question we present first to our brethren in the ministry for debate, as one calculated to bring out the finer points of theological lore, and can be studied to its profoundest depths as the smoky rings of a two-for five gracefully ascends the giddy heights.

Again then is it a sin to smoke on Sunday?

Mr. Stewart, the independent candidate for governor, in his Pittsburg speech, speaking of the republican party, said:

"The party is less powerful to-day than in the past, because it has less of the public confidence; it has less of public confidence because its energies, instead of being direct to the attainment of the great good for the state, are turned to the advancement of personal interests, the gratification of selfish ambition and the capture of the spoils. I speak of the situation of our state only. The political organization which gave freedom to a race has itself become enslaved, and is to-day dominated and controlled by imperious masters who not only deny to it the free expression of its convictions, but exact from it base and degrading service."

SOME TARIFF DOCTRINE.

As one of the most important questions of the day, especially to the Democracy, the life-long friend of the laboring man, we propose to keep before the public the views of leading Democratic statesmen and editors, upon the doctrine of a true, sound and constitutional tariff. The comments of the Doylestown *Democrat* upon the speech of a Pennsylvania Republican Congressman we think are just to the point:

SOME TARIFF DOCTRINE.

Congressman Godshalk, in his speech on the tariff, says among other things the following:

"It will be found, I apprehend, before long, that the most difficult problem of statesmanship in this country will be to provide for labor at remunerative wages. We are receiving from foreign countries six or seven hundred thousand people every year. Of necessity, we must have a great expansion of labor. We must find something for these people to do."

What has statesmanship to do with providing the foreigners, who see fit to come to this country, with something to do? As native born are left to shift for themselves, we have always been innocent enough to believe that foreigners had to do the same. But according to Mr. Godshalk's views, it is the duty of the Government to provide "labor at remunerative wages," for the strangers who come here. If any of this kind of thing is done, we believe "charity begins at home." But then this is one of the devices in favor of a high tariff, and a very weak device it is. Will our Congressman explain? Mr. Godshalk likewise says:

"This country has had its low tariffs, has had tariffs for revenue, and also has had tariffs for protection, and that is the kind of tariff which is now in existence."

In the first place we would like our Congressman to tell us where he finds any authority in the Constitution for a "tariff for protection." There is authority for a tariff for revenue to carry on the Government. We have now a "tariff for protection," as our Congressman says, nevertheless the balance of trade is against us, times are hard, and thousands upon thousands of mill hands, iron men, etc., are on a strike because the manufacturers do not pay them living wages. What good, then, does a protective tariff do? Whom does it protect? Does it protect the mill hands in good wages, or the consumer in low priced food? Mr. Godshalk should make another speech to explain.

CRACKING THE MACHINE.

Tom Marshall Has a Word to Say on Cooper's Usurpations.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 15.—Hon. Thomas M. Marshall has addressed the Pittsburg *Dispatch* the following communication in which he places himself on record regarding the convention of the 21st inst.:

"You have requested me to communicate in a public way my purpose touching a convention which I learn by the newspapers is to be held on the 21st of this month. Having received no official notification of this assemblage it may be proper that I give the reasons which control my action. The convention of the 10th of May nominated a candidate for Congressman-at-Large, after positive and express notice that he would not accept office. That convention, as I understand, dispersed without formal vote of adjournment and without making provision for its own recall; dispersed without providing means to meet contingencies such as sometimes occur under the most careful management. If that convention, as has been suggested, has still vitality for the purpose of completing unfinished business, that vitality must exist in its own body—I should say in its executive, the Hon. Geo. Lear. If this vitality exists, the sign of life should eminate from within, and not be borrowed from an outside taper. It appears, however, that a stranger to the convention has assumed authority in the premises and issued his call.

WHO IS MR. COOPER.

From whom does Mr. Cooper derive his authority? His name does not appear in the roll of the convention's membership, nor was he one of its officers. He was Chairman of the State Committee which expired with the organization of the convention of the 10th of May. Mr. Cooper, having no authority from the convention, is acting beyond his sphere. A call from the Chairman of a dead committee is more than void. The fact that a new State Committee has been partially provided for does not help the case. The stream cannot rise above its source and the future cannot give life to the creator. Moreover, the new State Committee has not met or organized and the semblance of excuse for the call of Mr. Cooper does not exist in that direction. It seems to me that the gentleman who assumes the grave responsibility of requiring 251 delegates to leave their homes and business at his pleasure has been swift to meddle in a matter not of his concern. It is an act not sustained even by the usage of party machinery in Pennsylvania and singularly unfortunate in view of the temper of the times. I shall treat this call as authorized and take no further notice of its demand. This is not a small matter. It is a vital question of power. I believe that self-respecting gentlemen who were delegates should refuse to sustain this call of their presence or co-operation on the 21st of June. Those desiring to fulfill the bidding of the projectors of this call may attend and enroll themselves in service. In my judgement this kind of management has almost come to an end.

SOMETHING THAT MAY BE DISCOVERED AT THE ELECTION.

If the dissatisfaction of the Republican voters with those who meet in a hotel parlor and choose a Congressman-at-Large without consultation with the people is not already known, it may be gathered about the first Tuesday in November next. It is nearly five months until the voters will be called upon to vote for State officers. There is abundant time to give the Republican voters a chance to choose their own standard bearers. Would it not be well to remit the grave dangers that imperil the party to the voters for their decision?

LET HIMSELF OUT BEYOND HIS MEASURE

I see that this same Mr. Cooper proposes to submit the two tickets now in nomination to a voluntary poll. From whom does this gentleman derive his authority in this matter? Who would be bound by the result as declared by the machine? Are the Republican voters of the Commonwealth to be limited in the choice of their Governor to James A. Beaver or John Stewart? I earnestly suggest that Mr. Cooper has let himself out beyond his measure, and we might with propriety retire from the front. The whole question is capable of a fair solution by a reference to the only source of power, the Republican voters of the State. If this attempt to control and direct the suffrage of the Republican voters is persisted in, there is but one remedy known to me, and that is to be found in the free action of each individual voter. THOMAS M. MARSHALL

DON'S TOOTHACHE.

The Cameron papers seem to think Bunn, of Philadelphia, has done a great thing for them by taking on his shoulders the responsibility of Don's anti-tariff threat if the manufacturers don't put their shoulders to the machine. But the reporter of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* comes out in an affidavit asserting Bunn told him that Cameron said precisely what was reported; that to make sure, as it was important, the reporter read the words taken down, and Bunn said it was correct. The reporter in his affidavit says:

He (Bunn) informed me, among other things, that Mr. Cameron had declared that the success of the regular Republican ticket rested with the great agricultural mining and commercial interests of the State; he (Cameron) had fought for a protective tariff in the Senate as his father had done in other days, but if those who had heretofore supported the Republican ticket wanted to stab him, he was ready to receive the blow, and he would oppose the tariff in the Senate as heartily as he had upheld it. If you want to kill the party we will go to hell together. I immediately embodied this statement in an article which I prepared for the *Evening Telegraph*, substituting the word "destruction" for the word "hell." * * * On Wednesday, May 30, Mr. Cameron and Mr. Thomas Cooper, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, having in the meantime denied that any such language had been used by the Senator, I again sought my informant and asked him who were present beside himself when Mr. Cameron used the language in question. He at once gave me names of persons present at the time, one of whom was Mr. Cooper. I then stated to him that Senator Cameron and Chairman Cooper denied that such a statement as he (my informant) had given me was ever made, and, in return, my informant simply smiled and walked away.

This makes a pretty straight story, and the reporter is certainly more worthy of belief than either Cooper or Bunn. Better stick to the first explanation, that it was toothache and anger, complicated with fluids.

STORM IN THE WEST.

Lives and Property Destroyed.

A very destructive storm passed over St. Louis, on Saturday, near noon, doing much damage. Many houses were flooded and some blown down.

A brief dispatch just received from Leavenworth, Kansas, states that the city was visited last night by a terrible storm. Five ladies were killed in a house there, and a great amount of damage was done.

Kansas City, June 17.—This city was visited last night by a terrific tornado, which unroofed and overturned houses, blew down trees and fences, and worked general havoc. Fowler Brothers' cooper shop and the West point shops were blown down, and Thomas Madden, who was in the latter, was killed. The Howell hotel at Rosedale, suburban town, was also blown down, killing William Reese. Durring's opera house was also unroofed. The loss in Kansas City is estimated at $200,000.

Iowa City, Iowa, June 17.—A severe wind storm swept over the city last night demolishing several houses and barns and doing considerable damage.

LOSS OF LIFE.

Des Moines, June 18.—A tornado swept through Central Iowa late last night from the northwest to the southeast for twenty miles north of Des Moines. The town of Grinnell was struck by it, and half the town was left in ruins. The first startling report of the loss of life were soon confirmed, and later and authentic reports swell the list of dead at Grinnell to about forty, with several severely hurt and the Cornell college building ruined. Eight at least were also killed at Malcolm station and several living in the farming district.

DISASTROUS WORK OF THE CYCLONE IN THE WEST.

The Damage Greater than Reported.

Metropolis, Ill., June 10.—A terrible cyclone struck this city yesterday evening, blowing down several houses, killing Dick Turner, capsizing the steamer Jennie Walker scattering harvested wheat in the vicinity. The Damage is heavy.

Atchison, Kansas, June 19.—The mails and travelers bring more acurate reports of the effects of Friday night's storm showing that it extended southward and westward of Kansas City and did greater damage than was first supposed. Many small towns and hamlets were visited, and all are in mourning over the loss of life and property. A family of three are reported to have been drowned on a flatboat twelve miles below here.

Iowa City, June 19.—From ten to twelve persons are reported to have lost their lives at Irish ridge, by the cyclone.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 19.—Up to 11 o'clock last night forty-one deaths had occurred at Grinnell and twenty-three at outside points, seventeen of the latter at Malcolm. No deaths are reported to-day, but the doctors say that six or seven more of the wounded at Grinnell will die. Some physicians put the final death roll at Grinnell alone at more than fifty, while others fear it will reach as high as seventy-five. Of the wounded in that city there are now over one hundred and twenty known cases, about eighty of them being of a rather serious nature. In the country there are also several serious cases of injury. The best posted persons at Grinnell yesterday estimated that the death roll of the calamity would probably reach 100. It is known 64. As we have it there were six deaths yesterday and last night. One hundred and forty-three is estimated as the number of dwellings destroyed by the tornado in Grinnell. It is estimated that this entails a loss of half a million dollars now which is nearly a total loss as hardly any of them are insured against tornadoes or anything but fire. J. B. Grinnell states that fifty of the people in losing their homes lost all they have in the world. Outside Grinnell, at Malcolm and in the country there is also immense loss. Probably the aggregate of all will not foot up less than $750,000. Some business men of Grinnell think the actual loss will be larger.

LINES.

(Suggested on the death of Mrs. John Farver, by J. MILTON STIFFLER.]

She has safely reached the haven
Through the trials that life bride,
But the cares of life can never
Reach her on that glorious side,
We may think of how she suffered,
Ah! it fills our hearts with pain,
Though with this let us remember
Through it she has lasting gain.
On her brow old age was blooming,
And her hopes for future, ripe,
When she heardthe welcome summons;
Come up to the realms of light.
Sad to know, this aged mother
Here on earth we'll see no more,
She has reached the Golden City
There to meet those gone before.
Years may come, she'll be remembered
By us with the fondest care,
Time can't banish recollections
Of the dear, the loved, the fair.
When our eyes with tears are clouded,
From the grief we feel through this,
Let us look to brighter realms
Where she has eternal bliss.
While she lived she was example,
Pious mother—loving friend—
All that she through life accomplished
Will not like her earth-life end.
It has pleased God to remove her,
Consent, let us to this will,
May this thought of precious import
To our hearts speak "Peace be Still."
Yet its human, that we mourn her,
While she's slumbering on the dust.
Tet us hope till morn so glorious,
When immortal, God shall call her,
In his paradise to be,
Where no care or trial can enter,
And where all their loved shall be.

DEATH OF REV. J. A. BROWN.

Lancaster, Pa., June 19.—Rev. J. A. Brown, D. D, for many years president of the Pennsylvania college at Gettysburg, died suddenly at his residence in this city to-day of apoplexy.

The Nation,

Since its consolidation with the New York *Evening Post*, has increased its facilities in every department, enlarged its size to twenty-four pages, and added many able writers to its previous list. It is now pronounced by many of its readers to be better than ever before.

Established in 1865, the *Nation* was a pioneer in this country as a weekly journal of literary and political criticism of the highest order, conducted free from the control of party or interest of any sort. Despite a precarious support during the first few years, it held persistently to its original aim until its financial success was assured. Meanwhile it had become a recognized authority at home and abroad, its editorial management has been unchanged from the first, and its projectors intend that, with their present facilities, the *Nation* shall become more than ever before the medium of the ablest thought of the time.

The form and style of the paper are chosen with a view to the most suitable shape for binding, and a set of the *Nation* preserved, bound, and indexed, makes the most complete and readable record of current events of importance in the political and literary world available for the American public.

The subscription price has been

Reduced to $3 per Annum.

Specimen copies sent on request. Address the Publisher, 210 Broadway, New York.

CRISIS IN THE TUNKER CHURCH.

Expelling a Disturber and Voting the Conference the Power it Lacked.

Arnolds, Ind., June 10—The annual Conference of the Tunkers began here, twelve miles south of Goshen, on May 30. The meeting was held under a large tent, containing seats for nearly five thousand people. In the middle of the space beneath the tent was an elevated platform for the accommodation of those who conducted the meetings. There were about thirty Bishops, representing the Church throughout the United States. The Conference continued during four days, and terminated on the evening of June 2. The assemblage was at times enormous. On the second day of the Conference it was estimated that between 20,000 and 25,000 persons were at the meeting place. The crowds were fed at a number of restaurants on the ground, and by the Church, at modest prices, in a spacious dining tent, seating nearly two thousand persons. Two hundred waiters were in constant attendance at these tables. No liquor was sold and persons caught smoking were arrested.

The Tunkers are more familiary known by the nickname Dunkards, but style themselves German Baptist Brethern. This sect was founded in Germany in 1708 by Alexander Mack and a few others. Persecution drove them from that country, and they emigrated to eastern Pennsylvania, where they flourished, and whence they scattered over the greater portion of the United States.

This meeting was especially interesting because a small faction had withdrawn from the main body since the last annual Conference, and the leader of another faction had been expelled by the main body, and endeavored to convince this Conference that he ought not only to be again received into the Church but be received with the office of Bishop and allowed full privilege to preach and publish his peculiar theories. The faction that has withdrawn also held extreme views, but theirs were opposed to his. Hundreds of good members, halting between two opinions, awaited the result of this Conference before coming to a final decision. The juncture formed a crisis in the history of the Church. It was felt that if the Conference stood firm on the platform which has made the Tunkers a peculiar people, and with a strong hand dealt out justice to those who were attempting to tear down their institutions, the neutral members would remain with the Church; but if the Conference proved weak and yielded to the Progressive party, they would withdraw and join the Old Order party.

Elder Enoch Eiry, of Illinois, was chosen Moderator; Elder James Quinter, of Vermont, Writing Clerk, and Elder John Wise, of Illinois, Reading Clerk. The first active work was the reading of the report of the committee that expelled Holsinger. This was followed by a discussion which lasted all day. Holsinger and his friends did all they could to have the committee's report rejected, but when the vote was taken over one thousand stood up in favor of its acceptance, and less than one hundred rose for its rejection. The action of the committee was made final; Holsinger could make no further trouble, and the Church felt relieved.

Among the many important acts of the Conference was the passage of a resolution that hereafter every decision of annual Conference passed shall be made mandatory. Heretofore the decisions were only advisory, and by many were but little regarded. It was decided that the Church will not allow any theological schools to be started in the brotherhood; that it will not permit the calling of Sunday school conventions; that no member may have his life insured, and that any member who may speak or write reproachfully of the annual Conference may be dealt with by the Conference, and, if necessary, expelled from the Church. These decisions have placed the annual Conference before the Tunkers in a very different light from that in which it heretofore appeared. Heretofore the Conference could only give advice. Now it can rule with a strong hand. Yet the power remains in the laity, and the prediction that the Church would drift into the system of the Roman Catholic Church has proven false.

The Old Order faction held a Conference at the same time near Dayton, Ohio. The attendance was estimated at six thousand. Holsinger and his friends held meetings daily while the main body was in session, and when they found they could not affect a reconciliation they organized into a separate body, which will probably be known as the Progressives. The greater body of the Church, far from regretting the loss of this disturbing element, anticipate a peaceful future.

THE PANIC IN EGYPT.

Alexandria, June 14—The panic in Egypt shows no signs of decreasing. The British Admiral has chartered two merchant vessels to put all the English on board. The Invincible and the Monarch are crowded with fugatives. They are packed like herrings. Last night Lord Charles Beresford went to superintend the victualling of the chartered vessels. This morning the placing of British soldiers on board was remonstrated with by the Egyptains. The last arrangements with the fleet have been made for signalling in case of disturbance on board the refuge ships. Two American clergymen, well known to travellers are on board trying to calm the fugatives. Many heads of families are trying to obtain passages in other vessels. Escape is now impossible on account of the crush of the long line of baggage wagons which still block the streets. The situation is absolutely demoralizing. The exodus is agumenting hourly. Any tub is considered safer than the shore. Carriages, the fare for which is usually one franco, now being $25, the natives wishing to make hay when the sun shines. A clique of capitalists is anxious to charter the ship Benera to escape. The British Admiral opposes leaving the British shore, as they would probably require help at the last moment. In accordance with my telegrams of Sunday regarding Arabi's threat to depose the Khedive, your correspondent warned Tewfik and Dervisch Pacha that it was probable that they would be seized. The Khedive smiled incredulously. The middle of Monday night saw my forecast correct. The Khedive summoned the consuls directly, and declared his intention of fleeing to Alexandria to seek the protection of the guns of the fleet. Sir Edward Malet and the other consuls have arrived, leaving Arabi without a chance of making hostages in the event of being menaced by the Powers. Judge Barringer and wife and Judge Farman are still here, but have made arrangements for departure.

A Connecticut liquor law began with these words: "Every person who shall sell liquor to a minor." This law was repealed, and a new one enacted beginning with the words, "Every *licensed* person who shall sell liquor to a minor." The result is that the barkeepers can sell liquor with impunity, because they are not licensed, while the proprietors of saloons escape punishment by denying that they were aware of such sales by their employees to persons under age. It is suggested that the word "licensed" was inserted to render the new law inoperative.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

Communications.

(When communications appear in this paper, we are not responsible for the opinions of the writer.)

For the REPORTER.

ALL TALK IS SMALL TALK.

It cannot be denied that, on the subject of intemperance, and the evils of the liquor traffic, there has been any amount of talk, and for that matter, plenty of thinking and feeling also, but, so far as Centre county is concerned, a very little effective work has been done. In consequence our temperance forces are scattered, single purpose is in view, and a want of sympathy and unity of sentiment exist.

The iniquity of the license system is hourly becoming more apparent, and the necessity for reform cries for the immediate awakening to action of true temperance men and women. This evil (the traffic) like Banquo's ghost, will not "down at our bidding." We must then subdue him by main force. Are there not hearts enough in the county, who have felt the pains of sorrow, shame and remorse, entailed upon them by this accursed rum fiend? And are there not enough lovers of God and humanity who are sincerely anxious to see a stop put to the cause of so much fire. And shall they who feel, and they who see the accursed thing, only sit in quiet corners, or with baited breath, talk, talk, and nothing more?

O! for a springing to arms; O! for the heat of a pitched battle. This waiting for something to turn up, this suspense, while mischief is still brewing, is dreadful. The enemy is organized and it is on the alert it is prepared to resist. But must we quail? Are our prayers, and professions, and declarations to end with only this? To falter now is to reveal our littleness and cowardice.

There is prospect at least of something being done toward organizing the temperance people of this county. A general tour and campaign throughout its borders is contemplated in the near future. The chief spirit in this undertaking is Mr. W. D. Blackburn, President of the Cumberland Co. Temperance Alliance. It is not to be a political movement, but one purely philanthropic and christain in tone. Let us rally around him, and second his efforts by a hearty co-operation.

REV. W. A. CARVER.

N. B.—Information can be had by addressing me at Lock box F, Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa.

SUPPOSED MURDER.

Mysterious Death of John Boyles, of Spruce Creek.

The Huntingdon *Monitor*, 15 inst., says: Word was received here yesterday afternoon that John Boyles, a native of Spruce Creek, this county, had been murdered in Altoona on Tuesday night. From the Altoona *Call* of last evening we learn that his death is a mystery. Boyles boarded at Mrs. Norton's private boarding house. Tuesday night he returned to the house at a late hour, in an intoxicated condition, went to the bed of a fellow boarder named Wm. Vanzandt and insisted upon him to take a drink, but he refused and told Boyles to leave. Thos. Willis, who was in the same room says he was awakened by what he supposed was a scuffle between the two, that he saw Vanzandt strike at Boyles when he exclaimed, "My God, Vanzandt, you cut me!" On the other hand Vanzandt says that Boyles left his bed when he told him to and went over to Willis' bed, who took a drink from his bottle and then went upstairs to another room; that after fooling about awhile, Boyles discovered blood on his clothes, remarked, "I am injured." Vanzandt then called Thor. Willis. A physician was summoned who upon examination found two stab wounds upon his breast, one on the right, the other on the left breast, but he did not consider them dangerous and left. About 4 o'clock in the morning Boyles went down stairs, got a drink of water and then returned to bed. An hour later he was found dead. Vanzandt and Willis are both under arrest. Thus briefly has this unfortunate affair been related. Boyles was aged about thirty-two years and was a single man.

The Bad and Worthless

Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (9)

WM. WOLF & SON.

At the Old Stand.

It will be

—GOOD NEWS—

for all, to know that the MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS in the valley,

A-N-D—T-H-E—B-E-S-T

has arrived, and is now opened, at

—WOLF'S—

Old Reliable Stand.

The finest and best gentlemen's Dress Goods, in the county.

The finest, best and latest styles ladies' Dress Goods.

Hats, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, none but what are pure. He has the only pure, old-fashioned NEW ORLEANS sugar in the county, an article rarely found in these days.

A complete assortment in each department.

Come and see one of the best stocks in the county.

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. O. DEININGER, Proprietor — J. W. HENNY, Superintendent

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK

jan27

HARDWARE,

Jas. Harris & Co.

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS and REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, ROPE BLOCKS, ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

A small Vial (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 5c. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co.,

12 Barclay st., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

Wanton JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa. oct22

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.

PRINCIPAL LINE

The SHORTEST, QUICKEST and BEST line to St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka, Denson, Dallas, Galveston, and All points in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana and Texas.

AND OLD FAVORITE FROM CHICAGO OR PEORIA TO KANSAS CITY

This Route has no superior for Albert Universal Conceded to be the best equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of travel. Minneapolis and St. Paul, Nationally reputed as being the Great Through Car Line

All connections made in Union Depots.

OMAHA — DENVER — LINCOLN — CALIFORNIA

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the U. S. and Canada.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury, instead of a discomfort.

All Information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Cars, etc., cheerfully given by

T. J. POTTER, 2d Vice Pres't & Gen'l Manager, Chicago, Ill.

PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

And Brockerhof's NEW STORE!

—AT—

CENTRE HALL.

Grand Opening

—OF—

NEW STOCK,

JOHN MULLEN,

Manager,

—AT THE—

--Hotel Stand.-

DRY GOODS,
LADYS DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS
NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

Ready Made CLOTHING

—FOR—

Men and Boys.

GROCERIES,

Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Syrups, Queensware, Glassware,

BARGAINS!

*Farmers will be allowed the highest price for all kinds produce. The best bargains in Store Goods in the county. Go to the New

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 22 1882.

FREDERICK KURTZ, . . Editor.

TERMS—$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

Committee of One Hundred

You will please consider yourself One of a Committee, to make an examination of the present Stock of Whitmer & Co's, at Spring Mills, and report to the people of Penn's Valley—What they know about Storekeeping.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Fr. Arnold is ahead—he reports a rye stock 7 feet 5 inches in length.

—Try Dinges check system and save money. Read his advertisement about it.

—Fred Kurtz, one of our office boys killed a black snake a few days ago, which was five feet in length.

—The Reformed congregation have ordered a handsome new carpet for their church, soon to be followed, we judge, by a tip-top walk in front of the same.

—Ladies are fond of handsome shoes, and they go to Doll & Mingle's for them. Get the best fit and goods at lowest prices.

—Prof. Hosterman's school, joined by Miss Cora Murray's primary school, had a pleasant pic-nic on top of the mountain, on Friday last.

—Every trade and occupation can be suited in boots and shoes, for men, women or children, for all kinds of weather, at very low prices at Doll & Mingles.

—The Juniata Valley Printers Association will pic-nic at Bellefonte this year and take in some of the romantic and beautiful in nature of which our county is so plentifully supplied.

—New potatoes are now to be had at Sechler's grocery. Try 'em. New, fresh mackerel just caught also at the same grocery. No other place has them.

—Lock Haven is preparing for a big time on the Fourth. Seven distant fire companies have already promised to attend. A free dinner and supper will be given the firemen.

—The best roasted coffee, all say, just now at Brockerhoff's store. All groceries of all kinds, the best and freshest in market, and cheap. Call and try No. 1 coffee.

—You can have a suit made to order, and fit guaranteed, at the Philad. Branch, and select goods from samples. The Philad. Branch readers satisfaction always.

—Harvesting has commenced in Missouri, Kansas, Southern Illinois and Indiana, and crops reported large. In Centre county and the rest of our state harvest will come in later than usual, but with good crops.

—If the farmers wish to get the highest prices for their produce, they must take it to the Pennsvalley bargain store—Dinges, headquarters for cheap goods. Bring your produce to Dinges and get the highest price.

—The Pennsylvania railroad's new engine, "Jumbo," with seven-foot drivers, pulled a train from Philadelphia to Jersey City last week, making the ninety mile run in eighty minutes. This is said to be the best time ever made on the route.

—The Cold Spring Forge Axe Factory, near Tyrone, of which our friend A. S. Kerlin is superintendent, is one of the important and successful enterprises of that town, as we learn from the description in the *Herald*. In its full capacity 35 men are employed who turn out 400 axes per day.

—New lot of calicos and emuslins, just received at Brockerhoff's store—the very latest city styles.

—Will Richard, a former typo of this office, was home on a visit, last week, from Lock Haven. Will will be a graduate of the Penn'a Central Normal in July.

—The late rains had a good effect on the snapping turtle crop....Quite a number of townsfolk are booked for a trip—Revs. Fischer & Miller, J. W. Wolf, and Miss F. Neff, to the Gettysburg commencement; C. R. Kurtz and the Misses Gregg for Lewisburg commencement; J. D. Murray and son for Cape May; Rev. Reoder to Lancaster commencement....Lightning struck trees in all quarters hereabouts....Subscribe for the REPORTER and send a sample copy to your friends in the west.

—No better bargains to be had in this county, in dry-goods, notions, clothing, boots, shoes, groceries, glassware, fish, salt, &c., than just at Dinges cheap store. All that is asked is that people examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Stock always full and complete in every line of goods.

—Infinite industry and patience have been expended in improving the size of the strawberry, but the persistency with which the quart box fails to hold more than a pint forms a terrible arraignment of the evolution theory.

—Everything in season, for the table, fresh and pure, and in endless variety, at the famous grocery of Sechler, in the Bush house block. All their groceries are laid in with a view to the season, and this is done with scrupulous care. Housekeepers who get their groceries from this establishment are sure of having wholesome table food, and consequently less liable to complaints that set in with change of seasons, and invited by a disregard of the laws of health in the important matter of food. Keep the stomach in healthy food which will not upset it, and you will have little occasion to send for the doctor.

—Ten or twelve members of the republican county committee of Centre county met at Bellefonte on Saturday and elected Edward C. Humes and David S. Keller delegates to the state convention in the place of James Milliken and James P. Coburn, both of whom are absent. Mr. Milliken is in Europe and Mr. Coburn is visiting friends in Kansas.

—Among the injured in the storm at Grinnell, Iowa, is a travelling man, W. J. Barbour, which we fear may be Wits Barber, of Union county, who is known to many of our subscribers.

—The offices in the court-house are being relaid with new floors. We are informed that the roof is also leaky; in case the present roof should be found bad throughout, it would be safer in the long run, to have a slate roof.

—Triplets were presented to a Fourth avenue, Altoona, man on Saturday night. He had Sunday to reflect over the present.

—All opposition to the Philad. Branch has wilted, and Lewins is king in the clothing business. He has the best stock of clothing, the largest assortment, and prices 25 to 30 per cent. lower than elsewhere. This is a fact, and Lewins will make it good. Only call at the Philad. Branch and the cash will bring you a handsome suit of clothes at wholesale prices, which no other store can offer, because the Philad. Branch clothing is manufactured by their own house, and every article is warranted genuine.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 21st session of the Normal Music School will begin at Freeburg, Pa., August 1st, 1882. For circular address, F. C. MOYER, 22jun4t Director.

We usually leave it to doctors torecommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering, that we cannot say too much in its praise.—*Salem Argus.*

Important to Travelers.—Special Inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisements to be found elsewhere in this issue. jun3

—Williamsport will have a stock of 100,000,000 feet of logs on hand

—The next meeting of the board of county commissioners will be on July 3 instead of 4. Persons having business with the board will bear this deviation in mind, as the commissioners wish to celebrate the fourth along with the rest of folks.

—Mackerel, fresh and of the latest catch, full weights, and in either quarter or half barrels, just received at Sechler's grocery. If you want a mackerel just from the sea, go to Sechler's at once, have 'em there.

—During the thunder gust on Saturday afternoon, lightning struck the chimney on the dwelling of Thomas Wolf, in the eastern part of Miles twp. Mrs. Wolf was knocked down by the electric shock and has not yet quite recovered from the effects, though a few days may find her perfectly restored.

—A most terrific thunder shower passed over this section last Saturday afternoon; the rain poured down in torrents accompanied by hail; the lightning was vivid and the peals of thunder sharp and startling.

—During the terrific thunder gust, on Saturday afternoon, a cow belonging to Fr. Arnold, near Centre Pill, was killed by lightning.

—Lightning, on Saturday afternoon, shattered one of the timbers in Wm. Rarick's barn, near Farmers Mills

— The paper-mill of Morris, Bear & Cass, at Tyrone, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, 18.

—The loss to Messrs. Morrison, Bear & Cass by the destruction of their paper mill at Tyrone is over $150,000.

—The stock of men's and boys' clothing at Dinges can't be beat in this county. And for low prices he is ahead of all, these are settled facts.

—Mr. Amos Shreiber, a man of about 70 years of age, was killed by lightning during the thunder storm on last Friday afternoon. Mr. Shreiber lived near the Scotia mines, back of State College, and was under a tree when the fatal flash killed him. Mr. Shreiber lived at Centre Hall some 13 years ago.

—A choice lot of boys' suits, very nice, and astonishingly low in price, at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store. Also a full assortment of men's clothing, cheap.

—The widow of Col. Reynolds, of Rebersburg, is on a visit to her nephew Wm. Wolf, in this place. She is near 82 years of age and yet still active and in fair health.

—We hereby issue a diploma to Col. Neff, for fine apples of last season, and of which he has again sent us samples.

—With the revival of railroad prospects the prices of all kinds of goods have gone down at the Pennsvalley bargain store—C. Dinges, proprietor, and John Smith, chief clerk.

—The army worm is committing great havoc among barley along the Miami bottoms.

—What you cannot get at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store in the line of carpets, is not worth having. Remember, at Brockerhoffs carpets are made a specialty. Prices low to suit any purchaser.

—Rev. Criley, of the Lewisburg Lutheran charge, resigned last Sabbath to accept a call from Altoona.

—Prices in all kinds goods have received a big knock-down, at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store. Farmers call in and see the reduced figures, and the splendid goods to be had at almost cost.

—Dinges gets new goods every few days, thus keeps up with the latest styles. Ladies bear this in mind, and you will keep up with city styles in dress goods if you go to Dinges. Always keep up with the times especially when you can save money.

—Latest and tallest:—Mr. John Mitterling, of Potter, has sent a half dozen rye stocks to this office, measuring 8 feet in length. This is hard to beat, and Mr. Mitterling takes the belt so far.

—Amos Shivery, aged seventy, was out in a terrific storm in Huntingdon county on Friday night when a tree which was struck by lightning fell upon him and he was killed.

When you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indigestion that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters cures it.

HOW MARRIAGES IN PENNSYLVANIA REVOKE A WILL.

Some very hard cases have arisen under our law in regard to this subject. A man about to marry has made his will in favor of his intended wife, and a woman in favor of her intended husband, and in both cases the wills have been revoked by marriage. It has happened more than once that the purchasers who have bought from the devisees or legatees under a will have found that they had failed to get a title to the whole property, on account of an after-born child of a testator. It is important, therefore, that the following summary of the law, by the late Chief Justice Reed, should be kept:

1. The will of a single woman is revoked by her subsequent marriage, and is not revived by the death of her husband.

2. If a man makes his will and marries and dies leaving a widow, he dies intestate; that is, his will is revoked protanto (or in that respect.)

3. If a man makes his will and has an after-born child or children not provided for in said will and dies leaving such after-born child or children, he dies intestate and his will is revoked protanto.

4. If a man makes his will and marries, and dies leaving a widow and child not provided for in such will, his will is not revoked absolutely, as at common law, but only protanto.

5. If a man makes his will, marries and and dies, leaving a widow, but not known heirs or kindred, it is clearly revoked, so far as to give his widow both real and personal estate absolutely.

The law refuses to admit that a man can intend to disinherit his children unless he shows that intention by a will made after they are born.

NO END OF A WALK.

It is said that Mr. Arkins, of Denver, was one of the gentlemen who recently went on the excursion to Pueblo. When he reached that place he went to spend the evening with an old friend of his, and they had a grand time together. At 11 o'clock Mr. Arkins suddenly remembered that he had neglected to send a special to his paper, and excusing himself for a moment, he left the house to attend to the matter. On his way out he struck a path leading around a circular flower-bed, and kept tramping away in a happy state of mind until his aching legs and the dawn of day brought him to a realizing sense of his condition. He had traveled around the flower-bed all night, and at the least calculation had covered some sixty miles. And yet insists that he was perfectly sober.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Judge Kelley and White, of Kentucky, two Radicals who have been fighting for the past month over White's charge that the Ways and Means Committee acted corruptly in the interests of the whisky ring, renewed the quarrel the other day. Kelley called White a lunatic and a liar. White is very sensitive on the subject of lunacy, as it runs in his family, and retorted that Kelley might be scoundrel enough to say that. Springer wanted both gentlemen censured, but after ample apologies had been made to the House by both of them the resolution was withdrawn. White, although a good deal of a fool and nuisance on the floor, seems to have the bulk of sympathy with him as the under dog in fight.

44 PERSONS DROWNED.

London, June 14.—The number of persons drowned by the recent flood caught by the sudden rising of the river at Vereez, Hungary, was 44.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY.
jun22tf Centre Hall, Pa.

BARN AND CONTENTS BURNED.

Topton, Pa., June 16.—During a heavy storm this evening the barn of Henry Benfield, about two miles from here, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed with its contents, twelve horses, a large lot of hay, harness and other farming articles. Loss estimated at $15,000. Insurance unknown.

NEW WHEAT AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, June 15.—The first regular shipment of new wheat arrived here today, being a lot of fourteen cars from Southeast Missouri, eight cars of which is graded as No. 2 wheat. Samples of flour from Texas and Tennessee new wheat were exhibited on 'Change to day.

FIVE DRUNKEN MOTHERS AND NINETEEN CHILDREN.

There was a painful exhibition at Justice Bergen's Court, Brooklyn. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had five miserable, drunken women, with nineteen starving, half-clad children before the Court. The children were sent to different institutions and the women were sent to the Penitentiary for six months each.

Antonio Oidilla, a blind Italian, keeps a small shop at No. 720 South Seventh St., Philadelphia, where he sells groceries and fruit. He also derives a large income by berging, being led about on his missions for alms by his wife. He is also quite a capitalist, and, besides several thousand dollars stowed away in savings banks, he owns a large and productive farm near Fort Washington. The farm contains over 200 acres, and on it there is a well arranged house and two amply stored barns containing cattle and agricultural implements. Adjoining is the stable in which are sheltered three or four horses belonging to the blind beggar on Seventh street. The farm is in charge of Oidillo's wife's brother, and two of the blind man's sons aid their uncle in the management of the place. It is stated that when warm weather arrives every year, Oidilla disappears from his haunts in the city, and donning a clean and well fitting suit of clothing, in the company of his wife and children passes the heated season surrounded by the fragrant odors of pure Montgomery county breezes blown across his own field and orchard.

Eighteen thousand Turkish troops are expected at Alexandria.

—The Reporter for the campaign only 50 cents, cash. Send us the names.

ENTERED INTO REST.

At Linden Hall, Pa., on the 21 of Mar., John David Earl, only son of Jas. M. and Lizzie M. Ross, aged 13 years, 10 months and 7 days.

The death of this promising and dearly loved boy has awakened a wide feeling of sympathy and sorrow.

On March 22d this message reached a quiet home in a beautiful southern city: "Our dear boy Earl is dead." How brief the word, but oh, what feelings of sorrow and regret unspeakable chilled our hearts, and almost caused them to stop with its suddenness. How different from ordinary telegrams. "Our dear boy." Clearly the wail of hearts, almost broken with the stroke, the breathings of souls, such as are tried, as it were, by fire. Yet, when we look calmly into the closing scenes of this loved one's life, we are able to draw from them much of comfort.

March 16th he came home from school complaining of a severe pain in his bowels. Simple remedies were administered with apparently good results for a day or two. Soon it was noticed that the complaint was assuming a serious form, and he was then placed under the treatment of skillful physicians. He had the close attention of friends and neighbors; the tender care given him in his home could not keep him in life and youthful strength, and vigor faded away at the touch of the destroyer. All was unavailing, and in the midst of the strongest expressions of kindness he "fell asleep," leaving behind him a saddened household, where the affections of all centered upon him, and where his image will abide enshrined in sorrowful memories.

As to his life and characteristics, studious almost to a fault, of praiseworthy temperament, not refractory, very diligent, and had now become almost a "prop" to his loving parents, from a child disposed to obedience, social and entertaining in his intercourse with young and old; but notwithstanding all these virtues, he felt that life without a Saviour was a failure. So he considered the command "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and committed himself to the care of "Jesus the Christ." His composure in sickness and death was remarkable; while he suffered exceedingly, yet he was tranquil and fearless, often speaking of his faith in God, adding words of comfort to his sore stricken parents. His own words were: "I am willing to die if it is the Lord's will, basing all my hopes on His promises," and so he died happy, his last sign of recognition signifying this.

Side by side he and darling "Mamie" sleep, awaiting the glad summons of their King to "Arise and shine." Yet, what a shadow has fallen over "Hazel Dell," their once happy home. Childless, like David, the bereaved ones cry: "The troubles of my heart are enlarged; bring thou me out of my distress," and quickly back comes the reply: "The Lord is a very present help in every time of trouble." Then beloved, take comfort. "I, even I, Jehova Jirah, am he that speaketh."

HEBREWS 12:11.
Not now, but "afterward" will be revealed
The precious fruits of peace and righteousness.
The bud, the flour, in God's hand ife concealed.
The hand that smites and chastens but to bless.
And while beneath the storm we bow the trembling head,
The stricken heart is dumb, and every hope seems dead.
Even then is ripening, 'mid chilling darkness
The sweet fruit we shall gather, but not now, not here!

JOHN 13:7.
Not now, hereafter only shall We understand
Those things which we now gaze on in surprise,
Mysterious dealings of His mighty hand,
Which to our feeble and sin-blinded eyes
Seem passing strange, oft hard, and oft call forth the cry:
"What doest thou, O Master? Why is this, and why
May I not understand?" While Jesus whispers low:
"To-day, trust me, my child—hereafter thou shalt know."

MARKETS.

Philad., June 19.—Wheat 1 43; corn 81; oats 60.

Cattle, prime 9½, good 8@9; fat cows 4½ @6; sheep, prime 6½, good 4½; lambs 4@ 8½; calves 6@8½; hogs prime, 11½@12, good 11.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.25
Rye 80c
Corn, ears, per bu. 70 c.
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 55c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 75c.
Cloverseed,. 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 2.00 to 2.75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $6,00
Butter, 20c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 10c
Bacon or side, 10c
Eggs per doz. 15c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Granoble

PROCLAMATION NO. 2

(HEADQUARTERS)

Sinking Creek Mills, Pa

I am now ready to announce to the people of Pennsvalley that I have returned from the eastern cities with one of the

LARGEST STOCKS

—OF—

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

ever brought to this section of country, consisting of Dry Goods, Ladies Dress Goods, in all the latest styles,

Ladies fine shoes, Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing,

CARPETS, OILCLOTH,

Windowshades, Notions, Queensware Glassware, Fresh Fish.

A full line of Groceries.

COME ONE, COME ALL!

and see for yourselves that this is the BEST and CHEAPEST

STORE

in the Valley.

N. B.—The Highest Prices paid for Produce, such as Eggs, Butter, dried apples, apple butter, Beans and Bacon.

April, 1882. H. STRAUP

New Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Hannah M. Chambers, late of Bellefonte, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. R. G. BRETT, Adm'r,
15jun6t Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

—DINGE'S!—

PLAIN TALK!

TO EVERY BODY.

—||o||—

READ THIS!!

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS! I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

☞I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of his from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a System of Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF Pres't WM. B. MINGLE Cashier

MURRAY'S COACH SHOP

In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast.

BUGGIES,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING-WAGONS,

&c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW ToP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address

LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall
15jan6tf Centre Co., Pa.

THE BODIES OF THE JEANNETTE CREW REPORTED FOUND—NOTHING BUT RAGS UPON THEM.

New York, June 19.—A dispatch to the *Herald* dated Lena Delta, April 12, 1882, says: "Melville found the bodies of De Long's party on March 23 in two places, 5½ and 10 9 yards from the wreck of the scow. After finding the boat search was continued and the party found a rifle barrel hung on sticks. The natives were set to digging and they found two bodies under eight feet of snow. The remainder were soon found all covered with more or less snow. None of the dead had boots. Their feet were covered with rags tied on. In the pockets of all were pieces of burial skin and of the clothing which they had been eating. The hands of all were more or less burned and it looks as if when dying they had crawled into the fire. The bodies were all interred in a mausoleum constructed of wood from the scow.

THE GREAT

BBB EEE EEE H H I V V EEE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EE EE HHH I V V EE
B B E E H H I VV E
BBB EEE EEE H H I V EEE

ONE PRICE STORES

Bellefonte, Pa.

Grand Display of an Entire New Stock of Goods at Prices that defy Competition.

SPRING & SUMMER 1882,

There having been such an unsettled feeling among Importers and Manufacturers of late, we have been especially Exacting in the Purchase of our NEW STOCK.

Having been connected with a Large Wholesale Bussiness for many years in New York gives us an advantage over many others in the purchase of Goods.

Having watched with an eagle eye every opportunity and whenever a concession has been offered, we have taken advantage of it and pitched in.

By marking every article in plain figures and at uniform percentage above cost, our customers always derive the benefit of every bargain that we obtain.

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS NOW COMPLETE.

DRESS GOODS,

SILKS,

PRINTS & DOMESTICS,

Hosiery, Notions and Trimmings, Linens, White Goods and Laces, Woosted and Embroideries, Shoes, Carpets; Oil Cloths, and Mattings, Gents Furnishing Goods and MERCHANT TAILORING.

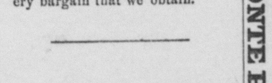
Permit us to offer thanks to our many patrons for the confidence manifested by them in our mode of doing business.

By sticking to the one price and no misrepresentation plan of offering our goods to the public, we hope to merit an increased continuance of their patronage.

Very Respectfully Yours,

GOLDSMITH & BROTHER

New York Office } 97 Franklin St. }



The bill to permit a man to marry his dead wife's sister came up for consideration in the English House of Lords some few days past and was lost by a vote of 128 yeas to 132 nays. The subject of this bill has been before the people for some years. The obnoxious law has repeatedly affected prominent Englishmen, especially during recent years, and it is probably for this reason the bill for its abolition has received such hearty support. The bill had the endorsement of Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edenburgh, and their counsel has been attributed to a desire on the part of the Royal family to open the way for the marriage of the Princess Beatrice to Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, the husband of her dead sister, the late Princess Alice, who died in 1878. This may or may not have been true, but the large vote in favor of the bill was probably more a result of the persistent efforts of its liberal minded advocates than because of the favor of the Royal family.

Royalty itself does not escape suspicion where Nihilism is concerned and the members of the Russian Imperial family are under surveillance. The German wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, discovered not long ago, that she had written to her family, and in which it said that she complained of the dullness and insecurity of life at the Russain Court, had been opened by her own personal aid-de-camp, before delivery to the post. The angry Grand Duchess complained to the Emperor; but, to her astonishment, met with no sympathy from him. Still more enraged, she delivered her emphatic decision that, if the offender was not immediately dismissed, she would leave the place. The aid-de-camp was dismissed, but only to receive a much more lucrative appointment.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS.

A SURE POP WHIP OR CANE, OR MUSICAL WHIP OR CANE. THEY ARE SILK BRAIDED AND ASSORTED COLORS.

Remember only at

LEWIN'S PHILADELPHIA BRANCH,

BELLEFONTE PA

10,000 to be Given Away! SURE POP and MUSICAL WHIPS and CANES.

THESE ARE NEW INVENTIONS—NOVEL, ATTRACTIVE, AMUSING AND DURABLE. THE LATEST AND BEST THINGS OUT.

They are not for sale, we give them away to every purchaser of

—YOUTH'S, BOY'S or CHILD'S SUITS,—

A Specialty.

READY MADE CLOTHING

LOOK HERE BOYS.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from nervous weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

UPSET SALE,

Commencing First Week of June.

Scotch people and old time folks know what is the meaning of an "upset sale." It is a term used when things are to be sold out to close estates, partnerships, etc.

We propose a sale of this nature. The prosperous season so far this year, the largest we ever had, encourages us to

Ring The Bells,

and call the people in to close out before the 4th of July, all of the

$750,000 Men's and Boys' Clothing

WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make purchases for fall.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to keep plenty work going.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make some changes.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to start again with a new stock.
WE WANT TO SEFL OUT to do a larger business than ever.

We Never Stop At Anything

to carry out our plans when we are in the right, and if the prices must be cut down, to gather the people,

Down Go the Prices.

Even if we sacrifice our profits for one month, the people have done generously by us for many years, and we are satisfied.

In a Nut-Shell, This Is it.

The practical point of all this is a radical reduction in prices from June 1st, They are all cut, some ten, some twenty, some thirty per cent., and some, on goods prepared specially for this sale, not at all. Compared with April 1st the average deduction is twenty-five per cent. Of the $750,000, merchandise now held by us, about $500,000 is involved in this sale. From the great list which might be made we only quote three items today, namely:

3000 pairs of men's Cassimere Pantaloons, made and making, strong, neat, durable, lately worth $3.50 now $2.42.

6000 men's suits, real standard Sawyer's Cassimere, made and making, late price $15.00 now two and a half dollars cheaper.

750 men's suits, eight styles, every garment freshly made, some of them sold freely at twelve dollars now nine and a half.

Our intent to-day is simply to tell all the people that quick trade prices are on all our clothing for this sale.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor., Sixth & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.

The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c. and $1 sizes, at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE, A new and exceeding fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 cents.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

There are hundreds of miserable sufferers daily dying from lung, kidney and nervous diseases who might be saved by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in time.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours. Ask your neighbor or druggist about it, or send for a circular to HISCOX & CO., New York.

Great saving in buying dollar size.

NO UNMARRIED WOMEN ADMITTED.

As a special treat, ladies well acquainted with the President, when making a social call upon him, are sent by him with a messenger through the private rooms up stairs, with the privilege of viewing his own bed chamber, including all its dainty blue satin furniture and innumeral tasteful souvenirs with expressive mottoes with which it is adorned. But usually no unmarried women are allowed to enter his room, even if chaperoned by a married lady. One of the latter speaks of taking her sister, a stranger, with her there, and being asked by the President if they would like to go through the upper rooms, including his own, and he then added quickly, "I presume of course your sister is married." As she was they passed on.—Louisville *Cobrier-Journal.*

Two hundred and fifty Europeans are said to have been killed in the Alexandria riot, which the London *Times* thinks was premeditated.

WM. A. SANDO
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Shop on corner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experience in his employ. 1nov y

DR. J. W. RHONE.
Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 27feb6t

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun1f

LEWISTOWN Marble & Granite WORKS.

D. R. STRATFORD,
Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Penns valley that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in MARBLE AND GRANITE at

Cheaper Rates Than Elsewhere

Write or call on Clevan' Dinges for terms and designs.

I have accepted this agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.

Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has been usually paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.

Respectfully,
Mostly CLEVAN DINGES.
Centre Hall.

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

S. R. FEALE H. A. M'KEE
FEALE & M'KEE,
Attorneys-at-law.
Office opposite the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa. 15sep tf

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

JOHN BLAIR LINN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb 1f

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

LEATHER!

ASK FOR 'GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

JAS. A. BEAVER, J. D. SHUGERT
President. Cashier
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
10ap82tf

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $10 a day and upward made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 22dec y

PE-RU-NA

Never fails to cure any kidney disease whatsoever; also, diseases of the bladder. Incontinence of urine, wetting the bed. In errors of youth, PERUNA is a specific. For brick-dust or other deposits, take PERUNA. For nervous timidity and impotency, take PERUNA. PERUNA will restore sexual debility to the energy, fire and vigor of youth in both sexes immediately. For nervous prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural sexual indulgence, PERUNA is a sure cure. Aged and young persons, who are distressed too frequently, at night, to make water, and very unfitness on PERUNA. For kidney disease of either or both sexes, for female complaints of all kinds, PERUNA is a specific. $5000 will be paid for any case PERUNA will not restore or at least greatly benefit. Send for a pamphlet. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Coburn, Ohio. Keep your bowels regular with

MAN-A-LIN

J. ZELLER & SON DRUGGISTS,

No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte Penn'a.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept. nov 13 y

CUT THIS OUT!
AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK.
We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our Specialties and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to agents. Address
M. M. LOVELL 823 French Street
Erie, Pa.

The Dead Stowaway.

"Washed up on the beach by the waves lay the body of a stowaway, looking horribly brutal in its rage, and sought and cared for by no one."—*Report of a Steamship Wreck.*

I.

He lay on the beach, just out of the reach
Of waves that had cast him by;
With fingers grim they reached for him
As often as they came nigh.
The shore-face brown had a surly frown,
And glanced at the dancing sea,
As if to say "Take back the clay
You tossed this morning at me."
Great fragments rude, by the shipwreck strewed,
Had found by this wreck a place;
He had grasped them tight, and hope-strown fright
Sat still on the bloated face.
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the heartless sea,
As if Heaven's aid had never been made
For a villain such as he.

II.

The fetter's mark lay heavy and dark
Around the pulseless wrists;
The hardened scar of many a war
Clung yet to the drooping fists.
The soul's disgrace across that face
Had built an iron track;
The half-healed gash of the jailman's lash
Helped cover the brawny back.
The blood that flowed in a crimson road
From a deep wound in his head
Had felt fierce pangs from the poison-fangs
Of those who his young life fed:
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others had done,
"More stoned against than sinning"—
And so is many a one!

III.

He had never learned save what had turned
The steps of his life amiss;
He never knew a hand-grasp true,
Or the thrill of a virtuous kiss.
'Twas poured like a flood through his young blood,
And poisoned every vein,
That wrong is right, that law is spite,
And theft but honest gain.
The seeds were grown that had long been sown
By the heart of a murderous sire;
Disease ant shame, and blood aflame
With thirst for the fountains of fire.
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the moaning sea,
As if Heaven's aid were even afraid
Of a villain such as he.

IV

As he lay alone, like a sparrow prone,
An angel wandered nigh:
A look she cast over that dark past,
And tears came to her eye.
She bent by the dead, and tenderly said:
"Poor child, you went astray;
Your heart and mind were both born blind—
No wonder they lost their way!
Angels, I know, had fallen as low
With such a dismal chance.
Your heart was ironed, your soul environed,
You were barred of all advance!
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others have done,
'More sinned against than sinning'—
And so is many a one!'

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.*

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.

I had fallen into a doze as the stage coach slowly progressed along a smooth and sandy country road. Being the only passenger so far, I had rejoiced in the luxury of undisputed possession and was not overpleased when being aroused by the stopping of the vehicle. I ascertained that we were to take in two other passengers.

One of these was a burly, florid good-humored-looking man, and, as I soon learned from himself, was a well-to-do grazier of the name of Catlin. The other was of my own sex—a little, middle-aged lady, brisk and bright, who appeared accompanied by a silky poodle and a mocking-bird in a cage—besides the usual basket, umbrella and parcels. She entered the coach smilingly apologizing for disturbing me, as I removed my own parcels from the opposite seat, then proceeded to arrange her effects with the air of one who had just taken possession of lodgings and was putting them in order. The grazier, though evidently as much a stranger to her as to me, kindly assisted by pointing out how the umbrella and parcels might be more conveniently disposed of, while I won her heart by noticing the little dog and suggesting that the bird-cage might be suspended from the ceiling of the coach.

When these arrangements were effected the little lady settled herself in a corner, looked smilingly about her, and seemed inclined to be sociable. Thus falling in with the grazier's humor the two speedily became chatty and communicative, and it was not very long before I had learned the whole of Miss Allison's history. Indeed it did not take many moments to relate, being a remarkably ordinary and uneventful one. She had been born and always lived on the "little farm" which was now her own, having been left to her by her parents. She was not rich, she said, modestly, but had more than was sufficient for her own wants, and she meant to leave it all to her niece Alethia, who was considered the prettiest girl in the county of Gates, and had taken the highest prizes for drawing and French at the Mount Prospect academy. She was a farmer's daughter, it was true, but she had very dainty and delicate ways and had never been forced to do coarse work. Like herself Alethia was an only child, and her father, Miss Allison's brother, was "very well off," and with what she would get from him and from herself Alethia would be rich, and a match for any young man in the county. And Miss Allison tossed her head and looked brightly around, apparently very proud of her niece, Alethia.

"The young lady's got a fine name in addition to her other attractions," remarked the grazier, good-humoredly.

"You think so?" replied she, looking pleased. "They wanted to call her after me; and I should have liked it if I had had a pretty name. But Priscilla isn't a pretty name," she added, with a light laugh; "and, to make it worse, they call me Prissy. It used to worry me when I was young, for I liked pretty names as well as other pretty things, so I resolved that my niece should be more fortunate than myself in that respect. Well, when she was a week old, I looked over all the books I could find about the house, and at last came across Alethia, which seemed just the right thing. And I think it suits her, only she prefers to have it Alethe. Then is French, you know."

"I take it, you know French, ma'am?" suggested Mr. Catlin, in a complimentary manner.

"Oh, no; I had no advantages of education, which I've often lamented over, and that was why I insisted upon Alethia being sent to Mount Prospect academy, and offered to pay for it myself if her father wouldn't. I think I should have made a good scholar," she added, with a half-sigh, "for I had a natural liking for books and pictures. I used to write poetry, too, when I was a girl"

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am. And bein' so smart, you naturally looked down upon the men, and wouldn't be mean yourself to have one of 'em for a lord and master," said the grazier, with a good-natured chuckle.

The little old maid laughed, too.

"It wasn't because I had an over opinion of myself, but, somehow, the men I knew never suited me."

"Maybe the right one hasn't come yet," he suggested, in a consolatory manner.

"No, nor I don't expect him to come at this time of day. He's staid away too long if he meant to come at all. After thirty-five a woman's got no business to be thinking of getting married—and I'm past thirty five," she added, with a little defiant "don't care" air.

"Possible? Well, now I shouldn't take you for nigh that; and I've always maintained that no woman can live to thirty without some time bein' in love. If she don't meet the right one, why, she'll fall in love with the wrong one, and that's the way unfortunate matches come about."

"Well, sir, I'm past thirty-five, as I've said, and very certain am I that I've never been in love, and never shall be."

She said this very positively, while smiling and blushing a little. But at that moment a sharp exclamation from the driver, and a sudden stop of the stage coach, caused us to look from the windows.

"What is the matter?"

We had no need to ask, for there right before our eyes, in the hot and dusty road, lay the figure of a man, apparently dead, with a small bundle and stick beside him.

We were all out in a moment, and the driver, assisted by Mr. Catlin, lifted the inanimate form and bore it to the shade of the pine trees by the roadside. He was quite unconscious, though not dead, as we had at first thought; and while I ran for water from a neighboring brook, Miss Allison produced a bottle of smelling-salts and the driver a flask of spirits. Mr. Catlin, meanwhile, stooped down and carefully examined him.

"He's not hurt anywhere," he said, gravely, "but he's ill, very ill, poor fellow!"

"What ails him?" we inquired, anxiously.

The grazier looked up and solemnly uttered one word:

"Starvation!"

An exclamation of horror and compassion broke from Miss Allison. She hurried to the coach and returned with a little basket of luncheon. Her hands trembled and her eyes were blinded with tears as she stooped down and placed a few crumbs of bread moistened with currant wine between the white lips.

The sight was enough to draw tears from any one, let alone the warm-hearted little old maid. There he lay, a young man of not more than three or four and-twenty, with regular, clear-cut features, clustering brown hair thrown back in a damp and tangled mass from his white forehead, and clothes which, though shabby, worn and travel-soiled, bespoke him not of the common or laboring class. And he was starved—worn out and nearly dying for want of food and from the heat and fatigue of traveling on foot through the burning summer noontide.

As we gazed his eyes slowly opened—beautiful eyes they were—large and dark and pathetic in their wistful half consciousness. The sight drew a fresh burst of tears from Miss Priscilla's eyes, which were assuming an unbecoming redness.

"What are we to do with him?" I inquired, anxiously.

"I'll carry him on to Atlees," replied the driver. "We can't leave him alone on the road to die. But I don't know as anybody there'll take him in. He's only a tramp, though a genteel-lookin' one."

"I will take him in," spoke up Miss Priscilla, promptly. "We're only six miles from my house, and there he shall stay until he's able to take care of himself. If his mother could see him now!" she added, in a faltering aside to me; "and if she's dead, I'll take her place and be a mother to him as well as I can, poor young man!"

In the coach she continued to tend him most carefully, every now and then insisting upon him taking a few crumbs of roll and a sip of her currant wine. He was conscious now, but too weak even to speak, and we all forbore to force him to that exertion.

In little more than half an hour we stopped at a white gate opening on the road, and leading by a short carriage-way to a pleasant, comfortable-looking farmhouse, with a broad piazza in front covered with vines. Here we all alighted, and while Miss Allison hastened forward to prepare things the men assisted our invalid to the house, I taking charge of the old maid's umbrella, which in her haste she had overlooked and left in the coach.

They laid the new guest on a snow-white bed in the coolest and neatest of chambers, and a motherly old colored woman went to prepare chicken broth. I observed Mr. Catlin speak to Miss Allison aside, and saw him take out a plethoric pocketbook, but she peremptorily put it away. Then he carefully pinned a bill in the young man's breast-pocket, and he and the driver departed, promising to send the doctor from Altees.

I remained at the urgent request of Miss Allison. She had learned that I was going to a quiet little farmhouse only a few miles distant, where I proposed to spend the hot summer months, and she would not let me continue my journey through the blazing noontide sun. In the evening, when it became cool, she drove me over in her old-fashioned gig, by a shaded woodland road leading directly from her house to the farm, and she expressed the hope that I would come often to see her while I remained in the neighborhood.

I was glad to avail myself of this invitation, for I had from the first liked the bright, lively, kind hearted little lady, and I liked her the better the more I knew of her.

My first visit to her was made ostensibly to inquire after her patient. He had been very ill, she told me, with a touch of brain fever, and she was still anxious about him. Her whole heart seemed stirred with compassionate tenderness as she related to me what she had gathered concerning him. He was a poor artist who had failed in his business, and, without home, friends or means, was making his way on foot to the north, in the hope of finding some kind of an opening there. What little money he had possessed was exhausted, and, having been refused food or a night's lodging by one and another on the way who never took in "tramps," he finally succumbed to hunger and fatigue, and would probably have died, Miss Priscilla said, with a choking sob, if we had not fortunately found him in time.

When I again called I found Mr. Arthur Field so far improved as to be sitting up, and even moving about his room a little. Miss Allison took me in to see him, charging me not to talk too much. And how assiduous she was in her attentions—how closely she watched even his looks and words in her anxiety to do all that could be done for him. And how quietly, intensely grateful he was.

"She is an angel!" he said to me in a low voice, in reply to some remark of mine on her goodness of heart. "I had no idea that such were to be found on earth."

Miss Priscilla blushed a little when I told her of this.

"He's a little weak-minded still, poor fellow," she said, lightly touching her forehead with her knitting-needle (she was knitting him a pair of socks, having already furnished the rest of his wardrobe). "By-and-bye he will find out that angels don't go about in calico dresses and muslin aprons."

She was afraid that he felt it a little lonesome, she said, as he grew well. She had written to Alethia to pay her a visit. They both drew, and they both liked the same books, she had discovered. Alethia would make it pleasanter for him

After a while I noticed that she left off calling herself his mother; and that she took pains with her dress, and arranged her hair in a new and becoming style which gave her a much more youthful appearance. I even discovered the disappearance from her temples of a few gray hairs which I had before observed there. As for Mr. Field, he was all tender and respectful devotion, and evidently did really consider her as in goodness at least something very near an angel.

"Priscilla," I said one day (I was somewhat older than she, and we had become friendly and intimate), "do you know that I think Arthur Field more than half in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. But she blushed painfully notwithstanding.

"Hasn't he told you so?" I ventured.

On this she burst into tears. And then, in her usual frank and impulsive way, it all came out.

"I know it is perfectly ridiculous," she said, "an old woman like me, nearly forty years old, and a boy such as he, not yet five-and-twenty. But he insists that years make little difference where—where true esteem and—attachment exists."

A sudden thought flashed upon me, and I spoke it out at once in my fear for her.

"He is poor, and you have money enough. Perhaps he is influenced by that consideration."

"No," she answered, quite calmly. "I told him some days since, when he was talking about leaving and looking for work, that he must stay here and take care of my little place. (It needs looking after, you know, and he'll soon learn), and I promised to provide for him. Alethia will have enough of her own, even if she don't marry. In fact, I told him that I would look upon him as an adopted son and make him my heir, and so he need not feel anxious about the future. And then he—well" blushing a good deal and her hands trembling a little—"he proposed that I should take him as a husband instead of a son. And he said I was still young, that people didn't grow old at five-and-thirty, and that for himself, after all the terrible trials he had gone through, and all my goodness to him, he should never love any woman as—well as he does me. It's boyish talk, you see."

Despite her attempt to speak lightly there was a light in the old maid's eyes, a softness and tenderness in her voice, which betrayed that to her this offer of youthful love—the first ever laid at her feet, probably—was the dearest to her heart of anything on earth.

"If I were young," she continued—and there was a positive sharp pain in her voice and expression—"if I were young and pretty as I once was, I might think of it. And if I had met him then, so exactly like what I used to think as the sort of man I could love, so refined and noble and handsome, so different from the coarse men I was accustomed to—why, we might have suited each other and been happy together. But an old maid like me—why, it's ridiculous, isn't it? People would make no end of fun over it."

Notwithstanding all this things began to assume a definite shape, such as it was impossible to mistake, and I was not at all surprised when Miss Priscilla admitted to me in confidence that she and Arthur Field were to be quietly married in October. And, meantime, she added, Alethia was coming to stay with her until the marriage should take place.

Owing to circumstances it was two weeks before I again saw my friend Miss Allison. Then riding out to spend an afternoon and take tea with her, I came suddenly upon her in the fields, walking very fast and nervously, and as if with no special aim. She warmly welcomed me, but not in her old bright happy way, and I noticed that she was looking badly.

"Where is Mr. Field?" I inquired.

"In the house."

"What, by himself?"

"Oh, no; Alethia is with him. Did you not know that she had come? Been here nearly two weeks."

I had, in fact, forgotten Alethia's expected visit, but presently approaching the house, saw Mr. Field bending over the shoulder of an extremely pretty and delicate-looking girl, apparently directing her in a sketch she was making. Glancing from them to Priscilla I saw her lips unconsciously contract into an expression of repressed pain which at once revealed the whole story.

It was wonderful what self-command she exercised during the evening. I am quite sure that neither Arthur Field or Alethia suspected that she was suffering. But, indeed, they appeared too much absorbed in themselves and each other to bestow much notice on other people.

I repeated my visit on the following week. It was now the young people who were looking miserable. Arthur was seated beside Miss Priscilla, dutifully reading to her from a newspaper, scarcely glancing at the young girl who stood with her back to him, looking from the window. By-and-bye she went out.

"Take this shawl to her, Arthur," said Miss Allison; "she has gone to walk in the garden, and I fear it is cool."

"I don't think it is cool," he answered, dully, "and I would prefer staying here, if I am not in your way."

But I saw, and so did Priscilla, that his glances involuntarily wandered from the window toward the slender figure loitering amid the rose bushes in the garden. Perhaps she expected him to follow, but he conscientiously resisted the temptation.

On the Sunday following I met all three at the country church. Miss Allison was looking very badly, pale, nervous and hollow-eyed; but both the young people were radiant. They were a remarkably handsome couple as they sat one on each side of their older companion, who looked older than ever from the contrast Yet both were most tenderly solicitous for her comfort, and Arthur conducted her on his arm to her old-fashioned carriage with an almost chivalric devotion. I rode home with them at her earnest request, and after our early tea we walked in the rose-garden together, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"What day have you fixed upon for your marriage?" I inquired.

She drew a quick, sharp breath, but answered calmly:

"That is broken off. I shall never marry."

I was almost prepared for this.

"It was an absurd notion from the first," she continued, "and I am ashamed of myself for having dreamed of it."

"Has he said anything—?"

She interrupted me quickly.

"No, no; not a word. On the contrary, he insisted upon it until—until I succeeded in making him believe that I had never really cared about it. You see, he held himself bound in honor. But they were so unhappy, he and Alethia—poor child; and how could I be so hard-hearted as to separate them? So I talked to them both, and—" here she broke down into a little gasping sob—"they are to be married at Christmas."

"Does Alethia's father consent?"

"He did not at first. He came down for a day or two, and I had to talk him over to it. I mean to leave everything of mine to Arthur; and shall meantime make over to him sufficient to prevent its being said that Alethia married a beggar. And in every other respect he is her equal, if not her superior."

The generous, unselfish little old maid! I could have kissed her in my admiration and sympathy, and I quite agreed with Arthur Field when he said to me again, with great fervor and a certain moisture in his fine eyes:

"She is an angel!"

I was not at the wedding, but Priscilla herself sent me a piece of the wedding cake. She wrote a few lines cheerfully, telling of their plans, and of how she had purchased a few acres more of land to make the farm larger for Arthur. But I do not believe that the little old maid, though she makes a first-rate aunt, ever got entirely over the first love that had come to her—too late, alas, to be to her a joy and a blessing. Oh, youth, youth, what an inestimable treasure thou art; so often lightly disregarded to be afterward lamented in vain regret and yearning.—*Susan Archer Weiss.*

Land in England.

Land in corn-growing parts of England is falling off in value. A small estate in one of the eastern counties, which four years ago was valued at $125,000, was put up at auction three weeks ago and the highest price offered for it was $45,000. It comprises 490 acres, and was bought in by the trustees. It is said that in the same part of England much arable land is running to waste for want of capital to pay for the labor it requires. No farming except grazing and dairy farming is said now to pay for the outlays.

In seventy five cases out of every hundred the lower limbs of human subjects are of unequal length The inequality varies from one-eighth of an inch to an inch, the average being one-fourth.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

UNION and Confederate officers who were engaged at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., met on the battlefield for the purpose of establishing more accurately the positions of the various commands. Among the officers were Generals Crawford, Sickles, Eagan, Brookes and Spear.

THE seventy-sixth annual session of the Reformed church of America, formerly the Reformed Protestant Dutch church, met in Schenectady N. Y., about 125 delegates being in attendance.

AT a meeting of employing ironworkers of the country, held in Pittsburg, a new organization was formed, its object being to govern the question of wages, etc.

THE Italians of New York and other American cities have held commemorative exercises in honor of the late General Garibaldi.

Two cases of yellow fever were discovered on a brig which arrived the other day at Philadelphia.

AMONG the passengers on the steamship Pennsylvania which sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool was the Hillsdale crew of Michigan, the champion four-oared crew of America. The four men have gone to England to take part as the representatives of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen in the different regattas held in the summer in that country.

WILLIAM TRAPPE, a grocer, and William Murphy, a peddler, both Philadelphians, engaged in a prize fight for $100. During the brutal exhibition Trappe was knocked down, and his head striking a stone he received injuries which resulted in his death. Murphy was arrested.

WILLIAM MILLIKEN, of Boston, one of a party of several sportsmen hunting in the Adirondacks, Northern New York, came upon a male and female bear with three cubs and at once opened fire. The male bear attacked Milliken and killed him before the rest of the party could render any assistance. James Shires, the guide, was also terribly mangled by the bear before it could be dispatched.

South and West.

THE Ohio Greenbackers at their State convention in Columbus adopted resolutions opposing monopolies, and nominated the following ticket: Secretary of state, George L. Hoffer; supreme judge, L. G. Tuttle; member of the board of public works, L. B. Stevens.

A DUEL was fought at the slaughter house in New Orleans between Major E. A. Burke, of the *Times-Democrat*, and C. H. Parker, editor of the *Picayune*. Five pistol shots were exchanged. At the fifth shot Burke was wounded through both legs, though no bones were broken. His wounds were not considered dangerous. Major Burke, who is State treasurer of Louisiana, was the challenger, feeling aggrieved at certain editorial articles which had appeared in the *Picayune*.

THE Ohio Republicans in State convention at Columbus nominated a full ticket as follows: Secretary of state, Charles Townsend, re nominated; justice of the supreme court, Judge John H. Doyle, of Toledo; member of the board of public works, C. A. Flickinger, of Defiance. The resolutions recognize, in the untimely death of General Garfield, a great national calamity; contain an expression of confidence in the administration of the President; indorse the administration of Governor Foster; condemn the outrages upon the Jews in Europe; affirm the principle of protection; demand that by specific taxation the traffic in intoxicating liquors shall be made to bear its share of the public burdens," and demand the enforcement of the laws.

AN explosion of powder in a railroad tunnel at San Antonio, Texas, killed three men and wounded five.

SIX mounted men robbed the Brookfield bank, of Linneus, Mo., of $6 000.

THE Republicans were successful this year in the Oregon election, electing their State ticket and Congressmen.

TWENTY frame dwellings filled with families near Cincinnati, were destroyed by fire a few days ago, and one child was burned to death.

CHARLES J. GUMMEA, receiving teller of the Bank of California, committed suicide in San Francisco. The act is attributed to losses in stocks.

A GANG of four counterfeiters have been caught in Chicago.

A COMBINATION has been formed in Chicago having for its object a "corner" in wheat.

J. TAYLOR and J. A. Peterson, partners in a mine near San Bernandino, Cal., had a quarrel about the method of conducting operations in the mine. Taylor fired three shots at Peterson. He then fired at a bystander, and deliberately shot himself in the breast. Peterson died in a few minutes and Taylor was mortally wounded.

THE Alabama Democrats held their State convention in Montgomery and nominated General E. A. O'Neil for Congress. The platform adopted demands a strict construction of the Federal Constitution, denounces the tendency to centralization of authority in the hands of the Federal government, and declares in favor of public education and the free exercise of the elective franchise.

PARTICULARS of the Brookfield bank robbery in Missouri are as follows: At about 3:50 o'clock in the afternoon, just as the Bank of Brookfield, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railway, was closing for the day, six men rode into the town, and, dismounting, entered the bank, and covering the clerks with their revolvers they went through the safe and money drawers, securing about $5,000 in cash. They then backed out, still covering the frightened bank people with their weapons, and, remounting, departed in the way they came, firing their revolvers and shouting like demons. The men were all masked, and the bank people think that Frank James was the leader of the gang.

AT the Iowa Greenback State convention in Des Moines, General Weaver was elected chairman. The committee on resolutions reported in opposition to the national banks and in favor of the general government issuing legal tender notes; in opposition to refunding the interest-bearing debt of the country and in favor of the unlimited coinage of gold and silver.

ARMISTEAD GRAY (colored) was hanged at Powhatan Court House, Va., for murdering his twelve-year-old son. The boy had been sent to a store for some molasses, a part of which he ate. This enraged the father so that he severely whipped the boy, and on the following morning, becoming further angered at the lad, the man struck him with an ax-helve, crushing in the skull.

IN an attempt by a deputy sheriff to arrest a circus proprietor for exhibiting at Southwest City, Mo., without a license, a performer named McBride was shot three times and killed and a man named Seaborn was shot badly in the breast. The assistant deputy was shot in the knee. All the circus men were arrested.

THE robbers of the Brookfield bank, four in number, took refuge in a hut in the woods about thirteen miles northwest of Kirksville, Mo., but finding resistance useless, surrendered.

JOHN TRIBBETT, a boy of only fifteen years of age, had his mind perverted by reading vicious literature to such an extent that he murdered two men near Perham, Minn., and after robbing his victims the youthful wretch started for the plains to become a desperado. He was captured and confessed his crime. A crowd of men proceeded to the jail in which the boy was imprisoned, took him out and hung him to a telegraph pole.

CASPER SEYBOLDT, a Chicago baker, after working all night was met at the door of his home by his wife dressed in a white robe trimmed with lace and ribbons. She seemed scarcely able to stand, and seizing him by the hand, said, with feverish excitement: "Come in, Casper; come in, and see our little children. They are all dead! all our four little children are dead! Gone to Heaven, Casper! See how pretty they are. Every one has brought flowers for the angels." He hurried to the bedroom and there laid out, as for burial, were the four children, Matilda, twelve years old; Anton, seven years old; Annie, two years old, and the baby, Agnes, less than four months old. They were dressed in white trimmed with blue ribbons, their hair nicely smoothed back from their foreheads and tied with blue ribbon and in their hands bouquets of fresh flowers. All were dead except Matilda and she was breathing her last. Suddenly Mrs. Seybodlt fell into convulsions, and she died soon after. Before death she said that she had poisoned her children and herself by giving them strychnine. She had induced the eldest girl to consent to death, and a number of notes written by the child were found. The woman was evidently insane.

DAVID BAUSMAN, of Ohio, went to Lawrence, Kansas, to meet a brother. Not finding him he indulged too freely in liquor, and next was found dead in the Kansas river with his head crushed in. Four negroes—one of them a girl of sixteen—were suspected and arrested. The girl confessed that she had planned and the men had committed the murder. All four were lodged in jail; but the three men were taken out by a crowd of men and hanged to a bridge.

DISPATCHES from Southeastern Iowa, Western Missouri and Central Illinois report widespread and very heavy rain storms, in places assuming the form of waterspouts and doing much damage to property, such as the washing away of bridges, railroad tracks, etc.

Two men and three children were drowned by a waterspout during a heavy storm at Denver, Col.

Two colored men were lynched the other day—one at Rock Hill, S. C., and the other in Monroe county, Miss.—for assaulting young girls.

OWING to the failure of the crops great suffering has been entailed upon the people of Patrick and Franklin counties, Va. Both counties are remote from railroad communication, and thousands have been suffering for lack of food, many going several days without anything to eat. Active steps have been taken in Richmond and other cities to relieve the wants of the suffering people.

From Washington.

THE House committe on commerce decided to recommend the passage of Mr. Townsend's bill to establish a board of commissioners of interstate commerce as a bureau of the interior department.

JUDGE WYLIE, of the Washington criminal court, denied the motion of Mr. Reed, counsel for Guiteau, to amend the record in the assassin's case. Guiteau received with outward composure the announcement of the failure of this effort of his counsel to secure a rehearing of his case. He proceeded to denounce the court in bane as cowards and cranks, and said that God had revealed to him that he was to be taken care of. God, he said, worked through human agencies, and President Arthur was to be the agent to save him if necessary.

THE President sent to the Senate the following list of nominations for the tariff commission: William A. Wheeler, of New York (chairman); John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts; Henry W. Oliver, Jr., of Pennsylvania; Austin M. Garland, of Illinois; Jacob A. Ambler, of Ohio; John S. Phelps, of Missouri; Robert P. Porter, of the District of Columbia; John W. H. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana.

EX-GOVERNOR PHELPS, of Missouri, declined to serve on the tariff commission. The commission was not satisfactory to most of the Democrats in the Senate, and they held a caucus to discuss its composition, but no action was agreed upon.

LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER has received information by mail, from Irkoutsk, to the effect that letters from Engineer Melville, giving particulars of the finding of the bodies of Lieutenant De Long and his men, have reached there by courier from the Lena Delta. In a memorandum found on Lieutenant De Long's body, and bearing date October 18, it is said that four of the party are dead and Mr. Collins dying.

THE census bureau has issued a bulletin showing that the live stock of the United States on farms on June 1, 1880, was as follows: Horses, 10,357,981; mules and asses, 1,812 933; working oxen, 933,970; milch cows, 12,443,593; other cattle, 22,488,593; sheep, 35,191 636; and swine, 47,683,951. The rate of increase from 1870 to 1880 was in horses forty-five per cent. mules and asses sixty-one per cent., working oxen a decrease of twenty-five per cent., milch cows increase of thirty-nine per cent., other cattle sixty-six per cent., sheep twenty-four per cent. and swine ninety per cent.

THE President has received a letter from ex-Vice-President William A. Wheeler, declining to serve as a member of the tariff commission. In his letter Mr. Wheeler alludes to the magnitude of the work to come before the commission, the limited time at their disposal and says that in the present condition of his health he feels that he could not give the subject the time and consideration its importance demands.

GUITEAU finally consented to see a clergyman on the 10th, and he was attended by the Rev Dr. Hicks, of the Tabernacle church, of Washington. The interview lasted an hour, and the prisoner was much affected and earnestly joined in the prayers offered by the minister in his behalf.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HOWE has asked the House appropriation committee for another deficiency of $2,000,000 not reported by his predecessor, Mr. James. This will probably make the deficiency for this year about $3,000,000. The postmaster-general, in a letter to the postoffice committee, says that the transportation of merchandise in the mails ought to be dispensed with or restricted, as it is carried on at heavy loss.

Foreign News.

A GENERAL payment of rents and the prospects of excellent harvests are reported from Ireland.

INTELLIGENCE from South America is to the effect that Ecuador is in the throes of revolution; Peru in anarchy and disorder; Bolivia, at a safe distance from the coast, preserving the show of a military force, and Chili smitten by epidemic in various parts and cursed by brigandage. Smallpox has committed great ravages in the country, and in some departments is epidemic.

THE funeral of Garibaldi, in the cemetery at Caprera, was attended by an immense and distinguished concourse of spectators. The funeral ceremonies began at 3:45 o'clock and closed at 5 o'clock. A storm of wind and rain raged the whole time. The coffin, covered with garlands and flowers, was borne by some of the survivors of the Thousand of Marsala, and was followed by the Duke of Genoa, Signor Zanardelli, General Ferrero, the representatives of both chambers and delegates of three hundred various associations. Speeches were delivered at the grave by the vice-president of the senate, the president of the chamber of deputies, the two cabinet ministers present, and Signor Crispi. As the coffin was lowered into the grave salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war Washington and Cariddi.

Advices from Cape Ray, Newfoundland, state that the cattle and sheep are dying for the want of food. The seal and cod fishing have been a failure, and there is destitution among fishermen

WALTER M. BOURKE, a Galway landlord, residing at Rahasane, Ireland, was shot dead while returning from Gort. His escort, a soldier, was also killed. Mr. Bourke was riding in front of his dragoon escort when a volley from rifles was fired at them from behind a wall, and both fell dead. Mr. Bourke was a magistrate and possessed two estates in Ireland. He had had several disputes with his tenants, and had recently left London to carry out evictions.

A FARMER named Brown, living near Ballina Ireland, has been shot in the legs and serious ly wounded. Similar wounds have been inflicted upon a farmer named East, of county Roscommon. A farmer named Hickey was also shot in the legs, near Castle Island.

MR. BOURKE, the Irish landlord who was assassinated at Ardrahan, recently informed the authorities that he knew he would be shot. When the news reached London Mr. Bourke's brother went into the lobby of the house of commons and accused Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar of being the cause of it. A reward of £2,000 was offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

SERIOUS riots broke out between the hostile natives and Europeans in Alexandria, Egypt, during which many persons were killed and wounded and a number of houses destroyed. Business at first remained inactive. Riotous demonstrations also took place before the French consulate, to which several of those mortally wounded at the outbreak of the riots were conveyed. The disturbances continued some time before the authorities took any steps to suppress them. The English consul was dragged from his carriage and severely hurt. An engineer of the British man-of-war Superb was killed. The disturbances continued five hours, when a body of military appeared and dispersed the rioters. The Greek consul and the Italian vice-consul were severely wounded. The British man-of-war Superb arrived in port during the night and landed 200 men to protect the British consulate. Boats were sent to take on board all British subjects who desired to leave Alexandria. It is estimated that twenty persons were killed in the riots. The rioting commenced on a street near the Great square. The immediate cause was the stabbing of an Arab by a Maltese. A mob of natives collected, cleared the street with sticks and made their way into the Great square, where they demolished the music pavilions and the furniture in the adjoining cafes. Europeans precipitately left the square and took refuge for some time at the French consulate. Soldiers were called out, but they looked on without interfering during the work of demolition and bloodshed, the Rue des Soeurs, inhabited chiefly by Europeans, was comp etely wrecked. The Europeans fired from the windows, killing many Arabs. The latter made terrible havoc among Europeans in the streets.

A BILL has been introduced in the Spanish cortes for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.

MR. SIMMONS, an English aeronaut, has succeeded in crossing the English channel to France in a balloon. A companion fell out and broke his leg.

A GREAT demonstration in memory of General Garibaldi took place at Rome. His bust was carried in procession and placed in the senate chamber.

THE Irish bishops have issued an important address to their flocks, promising the support of the clergy to the people in peacefully agitating for their rights, but condemning as the worst enemies to the country men who recommend illegal courses, particularly those who belong to secret societies. The bishops condemn the recent horrible murders, but believe that they were due to evictions, which it is the duty of the government to stop at any cost.

FURTHER reports from Alexandria, Egypt, state that sixty-seven Europeans were killed during the riot. On the following day all the shops in the city were closed. The object of the rioters appears to have been pillage. Fifteen hundred troops were sent from Cairo to Alexandria to preserve order. At a meeting of the foreign consuls with Dervisch Pacha, the Khedive and Arabi Pacha, a solemn engagement was entered into that the khedive should undertake to maintain order, and that Arabi Pacha should strictly obey the khedive's commands. Arabi Bey threatened to proclaim a holy war if the khedive sought foreign aid.

THE government and city emigrant sheds at Winnipeg are again filled with emigrants, principally Europeans, and the tents which cover the prairie around the city are also filled with them.

A DISASTROUS flood has occurred at Versez, Hungary, owing to a sudden rise of the river. A number of houses and two bridges were destroyed. Twelve children and several adults were drowned.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

The army appropriation bill was passed with the clause fixing the age for the compulsory retirement of officers at sixty-four. An attempt was made to except General Sherman from the provisions of the clause and to include General Sheridan. The result was that neither was excepted. General Sherman, therefore, has only two years more of command.

Bills were passed appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Lynchburg, Va.; $75,000 for a postoffice and custom house at Camden, N. J., and $40,000 for a court-house and postoffice at Clarksburg, W. Va. It was stated by a Senator that the total cost of the buildings authorized by the present Congress when completed will be $3,400,000, and the expenditure on this account for the current year amounted to $2,175,000.... The House declaratory resolution regarding the death of Garibaldi was agreed to.

The Senate, after debate, adopted Mr. Morrill's amendment directing the payment to Japan as a gratuity of $785,000.87 and the cancellation of the bonds held in the state department as the Japanese indemnity fund.... The House bill authorizing the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad company to construct a bridge over the Missouri river was passed.

House.

The river and harbor bill was reported back.... A report was made from the judiciary committee upon the land grants made to the Northern Pacific railroad company.... A resolution of respect for the memory of Garibaldi was adopted.

A bill was passed appropriating $75,000 for the erection of a public building at Yankton, Dak. Mr. Sparks, of Illinois, apologized to Mr. Cox, of New York, for remarks made on the previous day in a colloquy on the deficiency bill. The apology was accepted.

A bill was passed for the erection of a public building at Dallas, Texas, at a cost not to exceed $75,000.... Bills were introduced authorizing the New York and Canada Bridge company to construct a bridge across the St. Lawrence river; granting permission to three men to dig for treasure and mine also on government lands at West Point; authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Hudson river between Storm-King and Breakneck Mountains.... A bill was reported creating a board of commissioners of interstate commerce.... A bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy was also reported.

The Gray Head by the Hearth.

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasantry of the Tyrol, says: "The morning after our arrival we were wakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast; garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree; they were very simple, for the donors were poor; knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"'Is there a bride in the house?' I asked of my landlord.

"'Ach, nein!' he said. 'We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday.'

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to all who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

We remember a certain American house of the higher class, in which the venerable mother of the owner had her own boudoir filled with everything which could recall her long checkered life pleasantly to her in its tranquil old age. That room was the center of the great mansion; no guest entered the house without desiring to pay his respects to her, although only the most favored were admitted. The effect upon the young people who came to the house of this marked genuine reverence for age was incalculable for good. The new generation is always apt to be intolerant of those who are leaving the stage; apt, too, to slight their experience and opinions. If they do not find their parents honoring age where will they learn to honor them?

Americans are usually affectionate to the aged members of the family; but they lack the tenderness, deference and care which the French show to them, and by which they bring heat and life into their colorless lives. It is not enough to give a neglected seat in the chimney-corner to the gray-haired mother or father; use such devices and innocent wiles as will make them feel that they have not lost their place among men; that the work which they have done is appreciated; and, above all, that they still have work for others to do.

WISE WORDS.

The stoutest heart loses hope under repeated defeat.

Better bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

There is no strength in exaggeration, even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

Excess generally causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.

PLUCKING EMIGRANTS.

Nefarious Tricks Practiced by Emigrant Runners — Outrages Around Castle Garden, New York.

Three dollars and fifty cents were recently charged an emigrant in a grocery at the Battery, New York, for a loaf of bread and a pound of sausage. A runner who took the innocent customer to the place shared with the swindling shopkeeper the profits of the extortionate charge. Thirty dollars were not long since paid by a second emigrant, freshly over, in a grocery near the former one, for a few small parcels of crackers, cheese and other articles of food. While the em